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HAVERHILL ACADEMY,

HAVERHILL, N. H.

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY . .

AND REUNION

ALSO

DEDICATION OF NEW BUILDING,

AUGUST 4, 5, 1897.

"Hereafter it will be pleasant to remember these things."

EDITED BY

E. BERTRAM PIKE,

ASSISTED BY

MISS MARY J. STEVENS, MISS KATE MCKEAN JOHNSTON,

REV. C. L. SKINNER, J. C. EDGERLY.

CONCORD, N. H.

PRINTED BY THE REPUBLICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

1897.

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THE OLD ACADEMY.

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

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F HAVERHILL ACADEMY, Haverhill, N.H.
84238 —Haverhill academy, Haverhill, N.H.; centen-
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Bertram Pike, assisted by...Mary J.Stevens...Kate
McKean Johnston...C.L.Skinner, J.C.Edgerly. Con-
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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Lyman Dewey Stevens, son of Caleb and Sally Dewey Stevens, was born in Piermont, N. H., Sept. 20, 1821. He fitted for college at Haverhill academy, graduating therefrom in 1839, and from Dartmouth college in the class of 1843. After leaving college he was principal of Stanstead, P. Q., seminary in 1843, '44 and '45, and associate principal of Pembroke academy during a part of 1846. While at Stanstead, he decided upon the legal profession as his life work, and began his professional studies with E. C. Johnson, Esq., of Derby, Vt., and completed them in the office of Hon. Ira Perley in Concord, N. H., and was admitted to the Merrimack County bar in October, 1847. He opened an office in Concord, where he has remained to the present time. He was married to Aelsah Pollard French in Concord, August 21, 1850, who died July 2, 1863, leaving two children, Margaret French Stevens and Henry Webster Stevens. He was married to Frances Childs Brownell in New Bedford, Mass., January 20, 1875, and they have two children, Fanny Brownell Stevens and William Lyman Stevens.

Mr. Stevens has held many offices, among them the following:

Trustee and president of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts; director of the National State Capital bank; president of the Merrimack County Savings bank; treasurer of the New Hampshire Home Missionary society; member of the house of representatives, senate and executive council; presidential elector; and mayor of Concord for two terms.



MAIN STREET, HAVERHILL, LOOKING SOUTH.



ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

HON. L. D. STEVENS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The history of the century now closing furnishes indisputable evidence that the educational welfare of New Hampshire has derived no greater benefit from any of her schools than from her academies.

Instruction in the classics, in the higher branches of an English education, and in preparation for college, was almost wholly confined to the academies, until about the year 1854. That the people of New Hampshire placed a high value upon these institutions, is abundantly shown by the fact that one hundred and fourteen academies have been chartered by its legislature since New Hampshire became a state.

Among these honored and most useful educational agencies, Haverhill academy achieved a conspicuous position and has accomplished a work worthy of the highest praise. Being the seventh academy incorporated in our state, she has made a history which her alumni and friends may review with a just pride and satisfaction. They who love her do well to lay aside their usual vocations and come from their homes, scattered over the land, and lay at her feet the offering of their loyalty and love as the one hundredth year of her existence places on her brow its crown of veneration. No one, I am sure, can read the preamble of the act of her incorporation, as it sets forth the high and noble purpose for which this institution was designed, and the broad and liberal curriculum which she should offer to her students, without feeling his enthusiasm for her kindled anew. This is its language:

“The end and design of said institution is, and shall be, to promote religion, piety, virtue, and morality, and for teaching and instructing youth in the English, Latin and Greek languages, in writing, music, and in the art of speaking, in geography, logic, geometry, mathematics, and such other branches

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1900

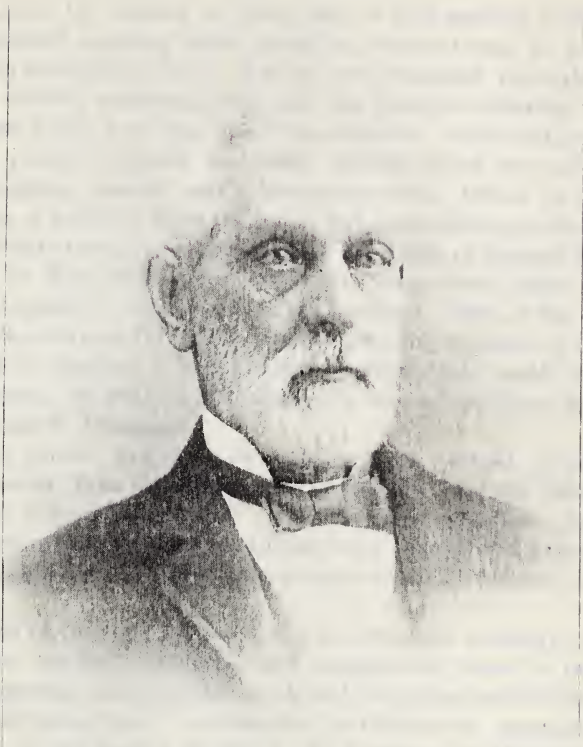
1900

The University of Chicago is a private research university in Chicago, Illinois. It was founded in 1837 as the first American university to be organized on the basis of the European model. The university is known for its commitment to academic excellence and its role in the development of modern higher education in the United States. It has a long history of producing influential leaders in various fields of study and has been a center of intellectual life for over a century.

The university's curriculum is designed to provide students with a broad and deep understanding of the liberal arts and sciences. It emphasizes critical thinking, problem-solving, and communication skills. The university also offers a wide range of specialized programs and degrees, allowing students to pursue their interests in depth. The faculty is composed of leading experts in their respective fields, and the university is committed to fostering a collaborative and supportive learning environment for all students.

The University of Chicago is a member of the Association of American Universities and is recognized as one of the top universities in the world. It has a strong reputation for its research and scholarship, and its graduates are highly sought after by employers and graduate programs. The university continues to strive for excellence and to make significant contributions to the advancement of knowledge and the betterment of society.

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J. H. PEARSON.

PREFACE.

About the middle of 1893, after a full century of existence, Haverhill academy found itself for the first time in possession of an endowment fund. For an even hundred years this grand old school, endowed only with the hopeful enduring spirit of those noble men who hewed the timbers of its first home from the primeval forest, had been quietly doing its noble work, struggling against many discouragements, forced at times for want of funds to close its doors, but never giving up the fight.

Nearly three years passed after the death of Samuel F. Southard in May, 1893, before any active steps were taken to apply his bequest for the benefit of the academy. But in the spring of '96 the town of Haverhill voted to join the trustees of the academy in erecting a new \$10,000 building, just south of the old academy, on the site of the recently-burned residence of the late George W. Chapman.

No sooner had the new building been started, or become a certainty, than the disposition of the old academy building became a troublesome and much-discussed question. It was declared unsafe by some, and there were many (of a practical and economic turn of mind), who advocated that it be torn down and sold.

But fortunately for those who held the old academy's battered walls, cracked chimneys, and rough-worn floors in tender remembrance, arguing that it should be preserved for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne," a champion for their cause appeared at this time in the person of Mr. J. H. Pearson, of Chicago, an old Haverhill boy and former student, who offered to take the old building and put it in thorough repair for a library and village hall. The offer was quickly accepted, and so promptly carried into execution that before the new building was completed, the old academy stood no longer a useless, cracked old building, but a substantial, beautiful village hall and library, remodeled and refitted throughout.

Ever since the new building had been determined upon, the

hope had been strongly entertained by some of Haverhill's public-spirited citizens of holding a reunion of former students of the old academy and the dedication of the new building at one and the same time.* Mr. Pearson's generous offer gave new courage to those who cherished this hope, and new impetus to the project at its very start.

A meeting was called early in November, 1896, to talk up this matter, and, though not largely attended, was enthusiastic, and resulted in the appointment of an executive committee to undertake this work; which, after long months of hard, up-hill struggle, and many discouragements, resulted in one of the happiest and most successful events in the history of the beautiful old "shire" town, and its time-honored institution.

To tell the plain and happy story of this reunion, for the benefit of the many who could be present in spirit only; to help keep forever fresh, in the memories of those participating, the glad happenings of its two cloudless days, and to perpetuate the historical record of the first one hundred years of old Haverhill academy, for the lasting benefit and encouragement of the present and future generations, is the purpose of this book, and the earnest hope of its editor.

It is fortunate indeed that the generosity of two former townsmen and students should have furnished an occasion which rendered it possible to snatch the fast-fading history of one of New Hampshire's most time-honored educational institutions from the dimming past, and through the faithful memories of her old alumni, leave it a clear and tangible record.

It has been no short nor easy task to collect and compile the speeches, essays, letters, and sketches which appear in the following pages. Many of the happiest remarks and reminiscences given during the reunion were extemporaneous, and could not be reproduced; while many others who have been requested to contribute to this souvenir record, have failed to respond. By reason of limited space, it has been absolutely necessary to abridge many of the essays and letters, some of them quite severely, but in so doing it has been our endeavor to leave out nothing that was relevant to the reunion or history of the academy.

It was our first thought to preserve only the actual events of

* Miss Elizabeth A. Sloane was the first person to make any move toward putting this idea into tangible form.—Ed.

the two-days' programme, in as inexpensive a book as possible ; but as the nature and volume of its contents became apparent, and the expressions of interest from all sides made it evident that something more than a cheap pamphlet was demanded to commemorate so important and successful an occasion, we decided to increase the illustrations and contributions, taking the risk of finding a sufficiently-increased demand to offset, partially, at least, the increased cost.

It must be borne in mind that there was no fund for this work, and that all the labor and expense of correspondence, compilation, and editing has been done without compensation, and that the editors are dependent upon the sale of the book itself to cover the actual expense of printing.

It is unavoidable in a work of this kind that some mistakes and omissions shall have occurred, and for these we bespeak, in advance, your lenient criticism. Do not charge them to lack of care in preparation, but remember that where so many are interested, it is impossible to fully satisfy all.

If our efforts shall serve, even in a slight degree, to keep bright the memory of pleasant bygone days and dear faces ; to maintain the renewed interest, awakened by the reunion, in Haverhill and her academy ; and to pass on to the historian of her next centennial anniversary a clear story of her first, we shall be fully compensated, and more.

THE EDITOR.



HON. L. D. STEVENS.



Commander J. G. Smith

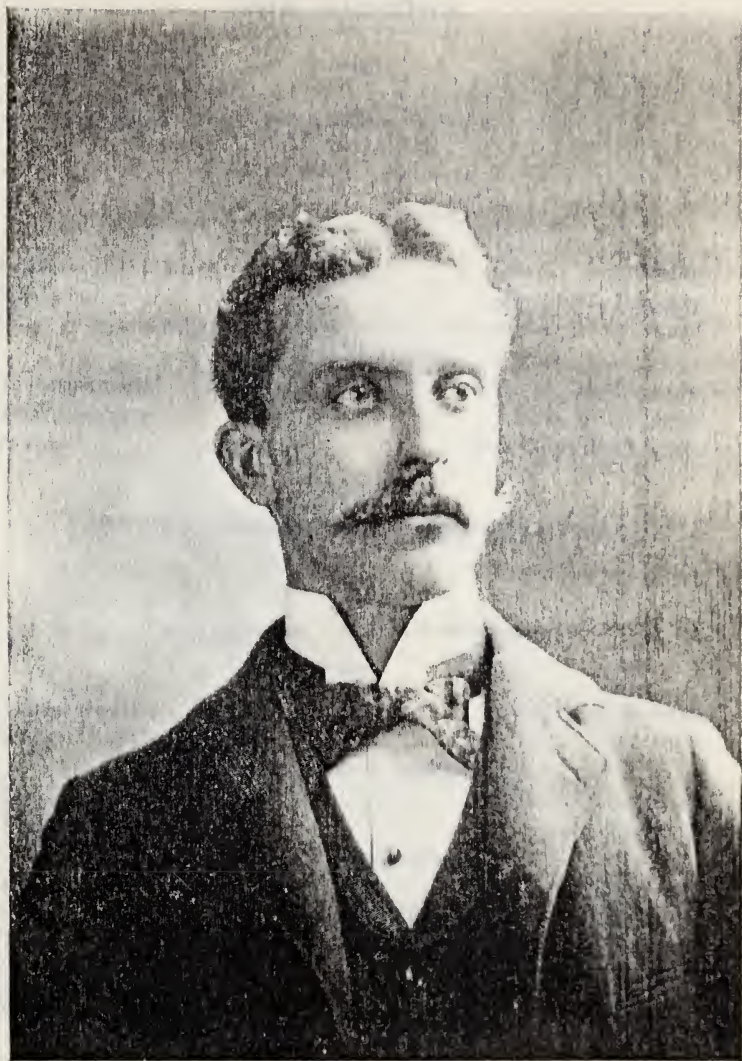


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Head of Entertainment Committee.
MISS MARY J. STEVENS,
Corresponding Secretary.

MISS JENNIE WESTGATE,
Head of Committee on Decorations.
MISS KATE MCKEAN JOHNSTON,
Corresponding Secretary.



REV. C. L. SKINNER,
Chairman Executive Committee.



E. BERTRAM PIKE.

THE REUNION.

FIRST DAY.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1897.

Pearson Hall, 11.00 o'clock.

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

Address of Welcome	Hon. L. D. Stevens.
Response	Mr. J. C. Edgerly.
Song, "The Windmill," <i>Longfellow</i>	<i>Gustavus Tuckerman.</i>
Fred Elliott Jenkins.	
Reminiscences	Mr. J. H. Pearson.
Reminiscences	Mrs. M. B. Hook.
Paper	Mrs. Merrill Pearson.

MUSIC.

1.00 o'clock, banquet with post-prandial exercises.

Congregational Church, 7.30 o'clock.

MUSIC.

Reminiscences	Mr. D. F. Merrill.
Solo, "Heart's Delight"	<i>Gilechrist.</i>
Mrs. Harriet R. Morgan.	
Historical Address	Rev. J. L. Merrill.
"Bedouin Love Song"	<i>P. A. Shuecker.</i>
Fred Elliott Jenkins.	
Reading, "The Rescue"	<i>Charles Reade.</i>
Miss Nellie P. Nichols.	
Ode	Miss Elizabeth Bickford.
Solo, {	a. "At Parting" <i>Rogers.</i>
	b. "Cradle Song" <i>Hauser.</i>
	c. "Pearls of Gold" <i>Thome.</i>
Mrs. Harriet R. Morgan.	
Reading	<i>Selected.</i>
Miss Nellie P. Nichols.	

MUSIC.



MRS. HARRIET R. MORGAN.

THE REUNION.

After nearly two weeks of hiding, the sun came forth in full splendor on the morning of August 4th, and invested the old historic town of Haverhill with all her wonted beauty, making glad the hearts of those who had worked faithfully and hard for long months to prepare for the events of these two days.

Only those who have seen Haverhill in her summer glory can realize the supreme beauty with which Nature has endowed her. Who has looked down her wide, level streets, shaded with graceful maples and mighty elms; out upon the broad green meadows at her feet, where the Connecticut traces a shimmering silvern pathway through their midst, carrying on its bosom changing pictures of Vermont's green-clad mountains that tower above its western banks; or back across her broad upland fields and woodlands to where old Moosilauke stands sentinel in the east, stern and forbidding in the clear light of dawn, majestic and inviting, bathed in the sunset's purple glow; then lets the eye rest nearer, on the two broad "commons" in the heart of the village, tree-bordered, green as emeralds, and enclosed with the familiar old white fence:—who has looked forth on this scene, under the changing light and shadow of a perfect August day, and can deny that Haverhill has been favored by Nature above all of New England's host of beautiful villages?

Such a day greeted the throng of former students that returned to look once again on these old scenes of beauty and dear associations, this first morning of the reunion.

Many visitors from distant points had arrived the preceding day, and the morning trains and private carriages brought many more. Groups of old friends, reunited after long separations, were gathered here and there, and the streets presented a scene of joyousness and animation that thoroughly aroused the old

village from its lethargy, and will never be forgotten by those fortunate enough to witness it.

A few minutes before 11 A. M., the hour set for the opening exercises, the old bell—the bell that had rung so clear and strong for three generations of Haverhill's children—pealed forth its summons to gather, once again, the former students of the old academy. What dear associations and tender memories were borne in on those who listened to its familiar tones that morning! At 11 o'clock the old building, now known as Pearson Hall, was filled to overflowing.

The meeting was called to order by the Rev. C. L. Skinner, who introduced the Hon. Lyman D. Stevens, president of the Alumni Association. After congratulating the alumni that the sun shone so benevolently "upon the morning of that day to whose coming we have so long looked forward, and upon which so much thought and care has been bestowed," President Stevens requested the Rev. C. H. Merrill to offer prayer.

After the prayer, President Stevens delivered his address of welcome, which was responded to by J. C. Edgerly. The full text of these addresses, together with the others on the programme, will be found in the following pages.

At the close of his remarks, Mr. Edgerly introduced a resolution that the thanks of all friends of Haverhill academy be extended to the man through whose munificence they were enabled to gather on this occasion in the old academy building, so finely fitted up for the purpose. This resolution was adopted unanimously and with much enthusiasm.

At this point, Mr. J. H. Pearson suggested that, as the "boys" and "girls" present seemed to be in very exuberant spirits, the chairman might need some assistance in keeping order, and he therefore presented him with a gavel, which he could use if need be; for which President Stevens thanked him in behalf of those present.

After Longfellow's "The Windmill," arranged by Tuckerman, had been sung by Mr. Fred. Elliott Jenkins in a very creditable manner, the chairman invited the audience to listen to "Reminiscences" by "our large-hearted and generous friend, J. H. Pearson, Esq., of Chicago."

The next number on the programme, "Reminiscences," by Mrs. M. B. Hook, was read by her daughter, Miss Hook, as, owing to failing health, Mrs. Hook was unable to be present.

One of the academy's oldest living students, Mrs. Merrill Pearson, then read an interesting paper, in which she recalled many instances of her school-days in the early history of the academy.

The morning exercises were then closed with music by the orchestra.

The recess intervening between the close of the morning exercises and the banquet was pleasantly passed by the old students in renewing old bonds of friendship, and telling of the various happenings in their lives since the old days in Haverhill.

At 1 o'clock, all repaired to the banquet, spread in the dining and library rooms of Pearson Hall, where a scene met their eyes that will long be remembered,—six long tables ranged down the rooms, covered with snowy linen and loaded down with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of good things, such as Haverhill's famous cooks know how to make, and beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns.

Covers were laid for three hundred and fifty, and some of the tables had to be reset.

The banquet proved one of the events of the reunion, and too much cannot be said in praise of the head of the committee having it in charge, Mrs. Robert Jenkins, to whose untiring efforts and good management its success was very largely due.

About 2:30 p. m. the company again assembled in Pearson Hall to listen to post-prandial exercises. After calling the assembly to order, President Stevens announced the first toast, "The Trustees of the Academy." Dr. S. P. Carbee, president of the board of trustees, made a fitting response, giving a brief history of the academy, and referring feelingly to some of the old trustees,—Ezra Bartlett, Dr. Phineas Spalding, and other men of like standing, saying that in his opinion the character of these men had much to do with the high position the academy had always held among institutions of learning in the state.

The next toast, "The Teacher," was responded to by Prof. C. H. Morrill, principal of Brigham academy, at Bakersfield, Vt., a former principal of Haverhill academy. Mr. Morrill's remarks were eminently fitting for the occasion, and were thoroughly enjoyed.

An interesting letter from Prof. B. Frank Palmer was then read by Mrs. L. D. Stevens.

The Hon. Sylvester Dana of Concord, a student of more than sixty years ago, was next called upon, and his reminiscences, which will be found in the following pages in full, were both interesting and amusing.

Rev. Levi B. Rogers, in responding to the toast, "The Church," referred to the difficulty of speaking upon this grave and reverend subject in the proper spirit. He spoke feelingly of the strong influence exerted for good by the academies, and the debt the church owes them. He paid a touching tribute to his old teacher, Mrs. Hook, and expressed regret that she was unable to be present. In closing, he expressed a hope that the good work accomplished by the academy in the past might be carried on to a still greater degree in the years to come.

Mr. William H. Barstow, being next called upon, said that although he had traveled for many years throughout the United States, yet there was no spot so dear to him, nor any whose beauty appealed to him so strongly, as Haverhill. He congratulated the townspeople on their new academy building and the many other improvements in the village, and closed by expressing a hope that he might live to be present at some future anniversary of the Academy.

Rev. C. H. Merrill, being invited to add a few words, referred, with much feeling, to his old teachers, Miss Buswell and Miss Cooper, and gave an amusing but tender sketch of the little "Cooper Institute." He said, in brief, that though he had received the best of instruction after leaving Haverhill, he felt that he owed more to the teachings instilled by these two teachers than to all his subsequent education.

The next toast, "The Second Century of the Academy," was ably responded to by Hon. S. T. Page of Manchester, in a very bright and witty speech, that kept the audience in an

uproar, but which contained a great deal of thought for serious reflection, as well as much that was amusing.

By request of the chairman, Mr. J. C. Edgerly then read a letter from Mr. Luther C. Morse, of Vanderbilt, Cal., a former student, who was unable to be present.

The toast to "Haverhill" was greeted with prolonged applause, and was responded to by Mr. Ezra B. Adams. Although Mr. Adams had no opportunity to prepare his remarks, having been asked to respond to this toast only a few moments before called upon, yet they were most appropriate, and deeply touched those who have a true affection for old Haverhill. He suggested that with a slight change the words of Daniel Webster in his famous reply to Hayne would be appropriate in speaking of Haverhill, "Massachusetts needs no encomium from me, there are Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever," and added, "So I say Haverhill needs no encomium from me, for here are her beautiful hills, mountains, meadows, and river, and here they will remain forever." He spoke of the rare beauty of the scenery around Haverhill, and of her former citizens, in the following words:

"As I came up on the cars and across from Newbury, the words of the poet came to my mind:

'The hills, the everlasting hills,
How peerlessly they rise;
Like earth's gigantic sentinels
Discoursing in the skies.'

"When I think of the grand and noble men and women who have lived here, I cannot but think that they, as well as the beautiful surroundings of Nature, have done much for the benefit of this place. Time will permit me to speak of only a few of them.

"Col. Charles Johnson, noted for good deeds and bravery, lived here. His house was a fort during the Revolutionary War. He was out one day alone, on an important mission, and passing through the woods cut a stick; of a sudden he came upon a company of Hessians, who shouted he was their prisoner; he raised his stick and smote the sword from the

Hessian, saying, 'Lay down your arms or you are dead men.' He then picked up the sword and took them prisoners of war. That sword is now being handed down through the Johnston family, and upon it is engraved, 'It was won by bravery, let it not be lost by cowardice.' The colonel was my mother's grandfather, and she told me that he found a lot of boys stealing apples one day, and calling them, said, 'Boys, it is wicked to steal, but when you want apples hereafter, go and get them from my orchard, and now it will not be stealing.'

"The Pages lived here, the Barstows, the Bells, the Merrills, and Dr. Spalding is still here, and many others whom I would like to mention.

"Solomon says, 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.' Mr. Pearson has both, and was born here; and, by the way, is a distant relative of mine—I wish he were nearer. Henry Pearson has a generous heart and a deep purse. After the great fire in Chicago, I wrote him to ask if he needed help. He said, 'No, I have lost only about fifty thousand dollars.'"

After a resolution, introduced by Mr. J. H. Pearson, that the thanks of all present should be extended to those who had given their time and efforts to making the remission such a grand success, which resolution * was unanimously adopted, the exercises of the afternoon were closed.

* * * * *

When the hour for the evening exercises arrived, the Congregational church was crowded as it had not been for many years, and the audience was as appreciative as it was large. And well it might be, for the programme was intensely interesting throughout. The printed programme was followed closely, with the addition of several letters.

The singing of Mrs. Harriet R. Morgan of Boston was a particularly delightful feature and a rare treat. Mrs. Morgan is one of the sweetest of mezzo-soprano singers, and won the lasting gratitude of all by so kindly volunteering to take part

* Mr. Pearson's motion mentioned several names—notably Miss Mary Stevens and Miss Kate McK. Johnston, to whose zeal, enthusiasm, and unflagging efforts, this success was very largely due.—Ed.

in the programme, and by responding so generously to the enthusiastic encores, of which she received several.

The readings of Miss Nellie P. Nichols of Boston were also greatly enjoyed and several times encored. Miss Nichols is a dramatic reader and impersonator of wide reputation.

The historical address, prepared and delivered by Rev. J. L. Merrill, was a most thorough and exhaustive history of Haverhill academy, evidencing the vast amount of work he had put forth on this subject. It is reproduced in full in this book, and will prove its most valuable feature in after years.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Lyman Dewey Stevens, son of Caleb and Sally Dewey Stevens, was born in Piermont, N. H., Sept. 20, 1821. He fitted for college at Haverhill academy, graduating therefrom in 1839, and from Dartmouth college in the class of 1843. After leaving college he was principal of Stanstead, P. Q., seminary in 1843, '44 and '45, and associate principal of Pembroke academy during a part of 1846. While at Stanstead, he decided upon the legal profession as his life work, and began his professional studies with E. C. Johnson, Esq., of Derby, Vt., and completed them in the office of Hoff. Ira Perley in Concord, N. H., and was admitted to the Merrimack County bar in October, 1847. He opened an office in Concord, where he has remained to the present time. He was married to Achsah Pollard French in Concord, August 21, 1850, who died July 2, 1863, leaving two children, Margaret French Stevens and Henry Webster Stevens. He was married to Frances Childs Brownell in New Bedford, Mass., January 20, 1875, and they have two children, Fanny Brownell Stevens and William Lyman Stevens.

Mr. Stevens has held many offices, among them the following:

Trustee and president of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts; director of the National State Capital bank; president of the Merrimack County Savings bank; treasurer of the New Hampshire Home Missionary society; member of the house of representatives, senate and executive council; presidential elector; and mayor of Concord for two terms.



MAIN STREET, HAVERHILL, LOOKING SOUTH.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

HON. L. D. STEVENS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—The history of the century now closing furnishes indisputable evidence that the educational welfare of New Hampshire has derived no greater benefit from any of her schools than from her academies.

Instruction in the classics, in the higher branches of an English education, and in preparation for college, was almost wholly confined to the academies, until about the year 1854. That the people of New Hampshire placed a high value upon these institutions, is abundantly shown by the fact that one hundred and fourteen academies have been chartered by its legislature since New Hampshire became a state.

Among these honored and most useful educational agencies, Haverhill academy achieved a conspicuous position and has accomplished a work worthy of the highest praise. Being the seventh academy incorporated in our state, she has made a history which her alumni and friends may review with a just pride and satisfaction. They who love her do well to lay aside their usual vocations and come from their homes, scattered over the land, and lay at her feet the offering of their loyalty and love as the one hundredth year of her existence places on her brow its crown of veneration. No one, I am sure, can read the preamble of the act of her incorporation, as it sets forth the high and noble purpose for which this institution was designed, and the broad and liberal curriculum which she should offer to her students, without feeling his enthusiasm for her kindled anew. This is its language :

“The end and design of said institution is, and shall be, to promote religion, piety, virtue, and morality, and for teaching and instructing youth in the English, Latin and Greek languages, in writing, music, and in the art of speaking, in geography, logic, geometry, mathematics, and such other branches

of science as opportunity may permit, and as the trustees shall order and direct."

Educational institutions, like individuals, have their birth, growth, maturity, and decline, and our Alma Mater, in her life of a hundred years, has not been exempted from this law. But now, as she stands upon the threshold of a new century, we may fondly hope and believe that she has passed her climacteric, and is about to enter upon a new life, with a new and more complete equipment, adequate to the demands of the present age. This thought has prompted the Haverhill Academy Alumni association to mark the event by a reunion of those who have been connected with this institution as teachers and pupils. And I am charged with the agreeable duty of extending, in behalf of the association, to all such persons present, and to all friends of the academy, a most cordial and affectionate welcome. They bid you join with them in their devotion to our common Alma Mater, and in a happy reunion, which shall "bring the light of other days around us," let us renew the ties that bind us, let us summon from the silent halls of memory the recollections of the joys, the hopes, and bright anticipations which filled the days of our pupilage. Leaving behind us the cares, the anxieties, and labors which have made us at times "weary with the march of life," let us, for this occasion, be light-hearted and happy, and bear away with us from these delightful hours of reunion, recollections which will refresh our hearts whenever weariness or despondency assails us in the future of our lives.

RESPONSE TO ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY JULIAN C. EDGERLY.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I arise to respond to your kind words of welcome with feelings of gratitude. It has been thirteen, to me long, years since I last had the pleasure of addressing an audience made up of the friends of Haverhill academy; but the circumstances under which I now speak are very different from those of former years. At that time, I had the advantage of you all, as I spoke in alleged Latin, and I felt reasonably sure that few of you had the least idea of

what I was talking about; in fact, I had but an apology of an idea to convey any way, and this I did in hybrid Latin, but still I felt that if I put on a bold front, little would be understood, and all would be forgiven; but, my friends, I have since learned, what I did not then know, that the quality of my Latin was such that if Cicero or Virgil had been present in the audience, he would not have known any more than the rest of you what I was talking about.

In later years the knowledge of my deficiencies gradually grew upon me, my head became smaller; and, but a year ago, as I glanced over the manuscript of that old Latin salutatory and realized in full the enormity of my offense, I fell into such a slough of despond that the sun was entirely obscured behind the heights of assurance from which I had fallen. But recently a discovery has been made in classic Boston that has driven away the clouds, and to-day I stand before you, realizing to the fullest degree that "there are others." I have no doubt you have all read of the noble Boston lad, Colonel Shaw, who in the darkest period of the Rebellion left his home, a young wife, and all that he held dear, to lead to the front a regiment of colored soldiers, and at last to warm with his life's blood the dizzy slopes of Fort Wagner. He to-day lies in an unknown grave amid the bones of his dark-skinned followers. Colonel Shaw was a noble son of a grand old commonwealth, and in his honor there has recently been placed on historic Boston common a memorial sculptured by a great artist, St. Gandens. That memorial is inscribed with a Latin sentence, and imagine my joy and relief when I saw it boldly blazoned forth in the press that this sentence was not correctly constructed. Think of it, my friends! In the heart of haughty Boston, proud of her culture and learning, the Latin infinitive stands to-day where the subjunctive should be, and, if after long years of shame and sorrow, I at last am vindicated, is it any wonder that my pulses throb, and my heart bounds as I stand here before you, and can once again hold up my head among men?

But this is enough of the personal. It is an institution and not an individual that centres our interest to-day. Haverhill academy we are met to honor. It is here that as boys and

girls we climbed the rugged path of learning—and made occasional trips up Powder House hill. Here our youthful aspirations first broke forth—and here we broke study hours, too. Here we first tasted the joys of classic lore—also a few watermelons, pears, grapes, etc., in their season. In truth, the only great drawback that I can remember to this place was the fact that they were not always in season.

But perhaps all things were for the best. If there had been snow on the ground the night “Joe” chased me across three fields, two gardens, and a back yard, he might have come nearer to catching me, handicapped as I was, with a watermelon under each arm. And the winter, if it was not favorable to fruit culture, was still conducive to surprise parties and out-door astronomy classes, the latter always of two. Two could somehow seem to study the stars better than one or three, and, if the ready intuition of the gentler sex was joined to the sturdy logic of the male, the results were simply ideal. I hardly ever knew of two boys or two girls, together getting much interested in the joint study of the stars. I do not try to explain the matter; I only give the fact as an interesting addition to the science of sociology. Explanations are not needed; you have all been there.

But really, there were more serious matters attended to in this building, which to-day looks so up-to-date in its new dress. Here, with careful toil, Greek and Latin roots were dug by those whose years of maturity have shed glory on the academy. Here x and y and the binomial theorem have been ciphered out by many who are now a help to the world, and a joy to all who know them.

We are here to-day, Mr. President, to view the old scenes, to think the old thoughts, and live again the years which are past. Your welcome brings back the bygone days, and we realize that they were good. For a brief time we are boys and girls together, and I am sure I but voice the sentiments of all here assembled when I express the hope that when, God willing, we gather again at some future reunion, we shall find the dear old academy pressing on in the good work, and the second century of its life still helping to solve the problem of, not what is easiest, but what is best to do, and how it may best be done.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

James Henry Pearson, who now lives in Chicago, and has since 1851, was born in Haverhill, N. H., Dec. 10, 1820. His father, Isaac Pearson, was well known in the town and was usually called "Major Pearson" by his neighbors. His mother was Charlotte Atherton. The Pearson family was well known in the old town. "Major Pearson" had nine children, all told, two by his first wife, who was Major Merrill's daughter, and seven by his second wife, Charlotte Atherton.

James Henry went to Chicago in 1851, where he has lived permanently since February, 1853. He received his early education at the Ladd street district school and at Haverhill academy. Early in life he had an ambition to be a business man, and he entered into the lumber business in Chicago soon after he left Haverhill. When he was about to leave Haverhill, Governor John Page, who was one of his friends, called him into his house as he was passing by just before he left, and said to him, "Henry, I understand you are about to leave Haverhill for the West, and I have prepared a paper for you to take along as you are going among strangers. Perhaps this may render you some assistance; take it, put it in your pocket." The paper read something like this:

"The bearer, J. H. Pearson, is a worthy young man of our town, who is about to go West to engage in business, and we, the undersigned citizens, heartily recommend him to be an honest and trustworthy young man, of good business talents, and very ambitious. He is a good accountant, understands the lumber business, and can do almost anything he turns his hand to. Any one wishing to employ him will find him a competent young man."

"Respectfully signed,

"John Page, John L. Rix, John R. Redding, Nathan Felton, Jonathan Nichols, James Bell, Jacob Bell, John MacClary and others."

Young Pearson was never more astonished in his life, as it was unexpected and unsolicited. He says he put that paper in his pocket with tears in his eyes, and it was all the capital he possessed save some six hundred dollars of Wells River bank notes, which were as good as gold out West at that time.

Mr. Pearson's first wife was Sarah E. Wetherell, daughter of George Wetherell, whom he married April 10, 1850, and who died January 15, 1891. His present wife was the widow of William Burke of Danbury, Conn. She is the only daughter of Charles Spalding of Montpelier, Vt., and Rebecca Hunt, formerly of Haverhill. He has four children, three boys and one girl, Mrs. Professor Scott, by his first wife.

REMINISCENCES.

J. H. PEARSON.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—We have come together to-day in this hall for a reunion of the boys and girls who in days gone by, some thirty, forty, or even sixty years ago, used to assemble in this very room as pupils of Haverhill academy, boys on this side, girls on that side, with a platform in the centre, where the teacher presided, not only to command the attention of the scholars, but to classify them and direct their studies.

If I remember correctly, I first became a pupil of this academy in 1832, when Ephraim Kingsbury was the principal, commonly called by the citizens of this good town,—“Squire” Kingsbury. It was always “Mr.” Kingsbury with the scholars, who held him in such awe and high respect that his orders were never questioned, but obeyed every time. He had a decided command over all his pupils, as much so as a general over an army. His word was law, and no scholar dared to violate his stern rules.

As I look back to this time, I cannot but respect the strict discipline which we pupils received at his hands. It was sometimes very hard to carry out his stern orders, but obey we must, and obey we did, as a general thing. How well I remember the lectures he used to give us on behavior and morality, much more often though to the boys than to the girls. In those days, children were taught politeness, reverence and obedience, as well as Latin and Greek.

Scholars came here from all parts of Grafton county, as well as from Newbury, Bradford, and other towns on the Vermont side. A very large number always came from Bath. From 1832 to 1840, some of the most brilliant scholars in this part of

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the state attended this academy, and more students were fitted for college in this school than in any other part of northern New Hampshire. I could mention the names of many eminent men and women who have finished their education at this academy, with the exception of a college course, who have maintained themselves as persons of intelligence and education, scattered all over this country, and even in foreign lands.

I shall confine myself to the years I lived in this, my native town, up to 1851, when I moved to the West. In those days, no town of New England could boast of having better society than Haverhill Corner. But, my friends, although I have not lived here as a citizen for more than forty-six years, I have often come here to visit the old town and village. From my standpoint, there is no place in the country that I have ever seen, whose scenery exceeds in beauty this Connecticut river valley from Wells River to Orford, with Moosilauke, Owl's Head and Blueberry Hill on the east, the Green Mountains of Vermont on the west, and the beautiful Connecticut river meandering through rich green meadows. I do not know of a prettier location in the wide world, and I used to think before I left for the West, that I should certainly return here to live out my allotted time on earth.

It will be remembered by some present that my native home was about a mile north from Haverhill Corner on Ladd street, so called and known through all this section of the country.

Ladd street was in my boyhood days a great centre, where Haverhill meeting-house was located; where all the town-meetings were held; and where the good people of this town used to assemble on the Sabbath to worship God. It was on Ladd street that, in a beautiful location, stood the most imposing edifice in all this part of the country. For those days, it was a noble structure, of the old colonial style, with its high steeple and large belfry, where hung the richest-sounding bell that was ever heard in this vicinity; there it hangs on Ladd street to-day, and there may it hang for years to come, awakening with its familiar sound memories of the days gone by.

The interior of this meeting-house, as I well remember, had large pews, about six feet square, on the main floor,

and a large gallery extending on three sides of the building, so deep as to afford nearly as many sittings as the pews below. There was a very high, imposing pulpit, commanding the whole audience room, above which hung a sounding-board, beautifully shaped, something like a bell, to echo the preacher's voice through every part of the house.

Yes, my friends, this is the place of my early recollections, where the law and gospel were proclaimed. I mean God's law and gospel. The eminent preachers of those days gave no uncertain sound as to the truths of God's word, and the commandments were proclaimed as they were laid down in the Bible. In those days it *was* law and gospel. Perhaps at this present time we have a somewhat different doctrinal preaching, but, my friends, the old gospel then preached is the same to me *now* as it was in those days, fifty or sixty years ago, good to stand by and good to live by.

Many changes have taken place since I used to live here. Many of the older people, in fact, nearly all of them have gone to their long home, and their earthly bodies have been laid to rest in that beautiful cemetery on yonder hill. But other changes have taken place; instead of the population increasing, it is decreasing, and business and enterprise seem to be at a standstill.

With your natural facilities for manufacturing, your rich meadow farms, your fine pastures, your maple groves and apple orchards, and the granite stored up in the hills, I cannot see why this good old town cannot flourish again as in days gone by, if all will only be up and doing. But this last year you *have* been doing, and you have just cause to be proud of your new concrete walks and other improvements that have recently been made at the Corner. There has been erected by a legacy from Mr. Southard, a prominent man in the northern part of the town, a fine new academy building, close by this, to take the place of this historic one, for educational purposes, and for the sake of Auld Lang Syne, this old academy has not been allowed to be torn down, but has been put in good repair for the public use as a hall and library; so you see that, after all, enterprise at Haverhill Corner is not altogether a thing of the past.

Well, my friends, I will close this message by saying that it gives me great pleasure to meet so many of my old acquaintances face to face, and to greet them with a warm clasp of the hand. I think that we ought to feel greatly indebted to the good people of this town for their kindly hospitality in inviting us to this reunion, where we can live over again in memory, and talk over, the good old days that we all used to pass here so happily together.

Some of us are already living on borrowed time, and the places that now know us will soon know us no more. But, my dear friends of the past and of the present, may all of us so live that when we are called to our long and final home, not one, not even one of us here to-day, may be found absent from the coming reunion over there, in the *Great Beyond*.

MRS. M. B. HOOK.

How distinctly the scenes of times long gone are pictured on my memory! My first day at Haverhill academy, in August, 1854; that company of pleasant, merry, wide-awake pupils,— I can recall them one by one. Then every succeeding term and year a new combination, not less interesting. All have a warm place in my heart, the fine mathematician, the young lady who excelled in French translation, others who gave such accurate portrayals of real life in their weekly compositions.

Does that lad remember his ignominious fall when walking over the new fence around the north common?

Two lads brought me their pictures one morning, concealing themselves in the shrubbery, then hastily ringing the door-bell as they fled. One has gone "over the river"; the other may be with you to-day.

A noble array of men and women have gone out from the old academy, many by their earnest, faithful lives making the world better, influencing other lives in the great work of uplifting humanity.

We pursued our way, not always smooth, with brave hearts. I recall the ancient desks, with their accompanying arm-chairs of antique structure; the winding stairs, so thin that they were

in danger of sinking to unknown depths; then the old stoves which had done service so many years, with their long stretches of funnel. On a frosty morning some chronic disarrangement would send the smoke into our eyes, and the wood would refuse to burn, though usually we had good orthodox wood. On a windy day the belfry would seem to rock, threatening to come down, bell and all, upon our defenseless heads. But we enjoyed all these discomforts as no pupil in a modern school can, for we were learning to face real life, and gain inspiration from untoward circumstances.

The trustees of Haverhill academy in those days are all gone. Judge Morrison, Deacon Merrill, Mr. Felton, Mr. Sleeper, Rev. E. H. Greeley, Mr. James Webster, all save the venerable Dr. Spalding.*

The old brick church is before me, and the worshipers who walked in, with reverent, stately tread. The cordial, generous people who welcomed us to their homes, and aided us by their influence are not forgotten. My home for so many years with Mr. Ayer's family comes up full of pleasant memories. But "one by one, the tired reapers have gone silently home in the late evening twilight."

The pupils of Haverhill to-day are a favored class. A new building, with all the modern appliances, teachers up to date in modern methods and ways, a people full of interest in school affairs, all serve as a grand environment. We shall hope for great things in the near future, that salutary, strengthening influences will go out in every direction, broadening and deepening as they flow, and rendering many lives richer and nobler.

To all former friends and pupils, to all the pupils and good people of Haverhill to-day, I send a glad, prophetic greeting. Let us toil on and faint not, remembering, "we are immortal," till our work is done.

* Dr. Phineas Spalding died October 27, 1897, at the ripe age of 98 years, 9 months, and 13 days.



MRS. MERRILL PEARSON.



THE END OF THE WORLD

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

MRS. MERRILL PEARSON.

I have been urged to report what I could remember of my early school-days in this historic old building, known to us all as the "Academy."

It is a difficult thing for me to do, as in looking back through the mist of a long lapse of years, and a prolonged eventful life, many of the names and faces, once so familiar to a few of us here to-day, have passed from our recollection, and time has obscured much, and indeed almost effaced memory's pictures of that remote period.

If I were able to recall those old-time experiences of our youthful years, and bring back the forms and faces of those personalities long since departed, or gone from the turmoil of this life, what a remarkable occasion this celebration would be! But the remaining few of us are glad to be here, and review the past, look into each other's faces, and exchange greetings, which in all probability will be the last time for many, if not most, of us here assembled.

During the four-score years intervening since our childhood days, we have seen the wonderful developments of our glorious republic, which in that early period was a struggling infant nation.

We have witnessed its rise from the obscurity of a liberated British colony, to the mightiest of nations, surprising the world in taking the front rank in all of the elements of our advanced civilization, which to-day we enjoy.

We have passed through thrilling wars, and lived to see our country survive the severest test of republican form of government, the crisis of our terrible Civil War.

We have lived in the greatest age of the world's history, and watched the grandest progress in the way of skilful inventions,

improvements in all kinds of life, and education known to the enlightened brain and ingenuity of mankind.

All these events pass before us like a moving panorama, but we are here to speak of our much-loved academy, and the real interest of the hour centres within these rooms, and the time-honored village of old Haverhill.

It was seventy-one years ago that I became a pupil under the Misses Sophia and Eliza Williams. Geography, grammar, reading, writing, and spelling, with arithmetic, constituted the full course of study; the latter was particularly difficult for me, but as I was quite accomplished in the spelling class, my average was somewhat balanced by my inability at "sums."

Spelling was considered a high art, and much time and vital energy were used to discipline the young in that branch of education, and I distinctly remember how I studied out the hard words, although we were often caught on the more simple ones.

During the winter term a man was engaged as teacher to accommodate a number of older boys, who could only attend during that season.

There comes to my mind one among this class who was often placed under rigid discipline when disobeying the rules; his name was Frank Williams. He was made to stand up before the other pupils and hold a book with his arm outstretched until it became unbearable, and saying "my arm aches" would drop it for relief, when the teacher, who was Eliza Williams, would use her ruler by a more than gentle rap, saying, "You should obey my rules, then you would not be punished"; and by such training he was brought under complete subjection, and became obedient to the rules, which in that day and generation were much more severe than at the present time.

As to my own deportment, I was a laughing, giddy girl, always watching for an opportunity to make fun and have a good time, rather than to attend to my books or improve my behavior.

In that day, children were allowed Saturday afternoon as a play-day, and even then we were required to commit to memory our Sabbath-school lesson, which consisted of many verses from the Bible, recited to our mothers, before being granted our holiday afternoon. Although now thinking of it as a good

plan, at that time I looked no further than my own pleasure, and studiously went through the ordeal with no higher motive than being able to get out on the common, where we often met our chums for games and frolics known to children in those days.

My father, Deacon Barstow, lived opposite the common on the hill which slopes down to the Connecticut river, and just before descending to the meadow, stood a huge boulder, which was a favorite spot for all children, and where innumerable basket luncheons have been served from that day to this.

In thinking over the list of girls who were my schoolmates seventy-one years ago, I am, with the exception of Mrs. Arthur Carlton, who is present with us, so far as I know the sole survivor.

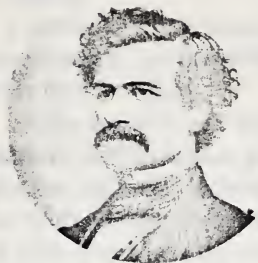
My most intimate friend was Eleanor Towle; Charlotte Pearson and my sister, Harriet Barstow, composed our immediate set.

There were, Elizabeth Woodward, Lucretia Woodward, Susan Woodward, Rebecca Hunt, Charlotte Merrill, Louisa Merrill, Olivia Atherton, and Johanna Carlton, all of whom, one after another, have passed into the eternal shadows, leaving only a bright memory for us to bring before those assembled to-day, in honor of the centennial of this historic building. I am sure if we could voice their testimony it would be a glad rejoicing that these old walls have been spared to stand, and are beginning another century, restored, and sacred to the history of Haverhill, with its noble influences, and tender associations that have centered under this roof, and where so many good men and women learned their first lessons, which later developed them into strong, useful characters, peculiar and characteristic only to the sturdy New England type, and which our descendants will always feel proud to claim, in generations to come, during future years of the opening century.

I esteem the privilege of being with you on this notable occasion as one among the crowning blessings of the evening of my life, and am thankful for the great pleasure of seeing you all, and being once more among these old scenes of my long ago, youthful years.

LETTER FROM B. FRANK PALMER.

Hon. Lyman D. Stevens, President:



B. FRANK PALMER.

DEAR SIR:—Your invitation to the reunion awakens the dearest memories of youth, and stirs the responsive heart-strings of one whose (tremulous) first steps on the plane of high pursuit were taken over the threshold of that Academy Hall sixty years ago.

From that threshold, and from the age of adolescence to the psalmist's age, it has seemed but a short race; and I feel like appropriating the answer of our genial friend, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Ta-

ble, in saying "I am seventy-two years young." My young friend Stevens can improve the statement a little.

When I entered the academy he was about to leave for Dartmouth, since which time I have read with great pleasure of his merited success in gaining positions of honor and distinction. The same may be said of others of my young associates, a few of whom may be at the reunion.

Under the impulse arising from the sight of a picture of the old beside one of the new academy, recalling the early and thrilling events of a life still eventful and incomplete, I cannot restrain the pen, and you must hold it responsible for anything written which is not suited for the occasion, as I cannot be with you to voice my feelings better, and emphasize them with a warm hand-grasp.

But I find inspiration in the invitation, as it illustrates a beautiful truth which should be taught, that age, in men, is a matter of impulses and heart-beats, rather than of years. Life that is worth the living is always fresh and young.

The vital fluid flows from the brain, and the heart, coursing

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the entire system, if natural, many times in an hour, and the inspiring energy will be the same in age as in youth, if the spiritual, mental and dynamic organism is attuned with the care the harper attends to his harp. And if the "harp of a thousand strings" has been neglected from infancy to fifty, it may still be re-attuned and found vibrant and resonant at eighty. See to your heart-strings. There are old men at fifty, and young men at eighty.

I could wish you to establish in your new academy a psycho-physiological professorship to teach, "How to grow young from fifty to eighty."

At the reunion you will have some young old men; and, as I think of no one better qualified, I suggest that your president, who has held the highest office in your state, be appointed to the professorship; and if time with me is not up before I catch up with him in years, you may give me a date for a lecture, say in nineteen hundred and odd.

I am not trifling as to the main idea, and I cannot trifle with so important a matter, for (to borrow from Dr. Holmes again) my "traitorous eyes" go back on me as I stand on the psalmist's bound of grace, the last of a group of nine. Some one of you may stand the same. You found four of our class to invite, and some of them will not be able to be with you, still (in the beautiful language of Longfellow) you may be assured, as you surround the table, that other guests than were invited will be there—"not as solemn ghosts, to repress the joyfulness of post-prandial exercises, but as happy visitants, returned for a day, to the house and the scenes they so much loved, as to come uninvited." Then let them share with you, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

With deep regret that I cannot be with you in person, as I shall be in soul, I will close by giving my history from 1836 to 1897, as it can be done in two lines.

I did a little in the year 1846.

I have done a little better in 1897.

I have borrowed from Holmes at the start, and from Longfellow in progressing, so that I know I have given two good quotations, and now by making a little change in a couplet

which Whittier beautifully employed when at a similar reunion, I will take leave.

“Dear schoolmates, read between the written lines
The higher grace of unfulfilled designs.”

B. FRANK PALMER.

Philadelphia, Aug. 2, 1897.

“OLD SCHOOL-DAYS.”

SYLVESTER DANA.

“And now the ceaseless turning of the mill of time, that never for an hour stands still,” has ground out almost sixty and six years since I entered Haverhill academy at the commencement of the fall term of 1831.

I was accompanied by another boy from Orford, where our parents then resided. We boarded with Deacon Henry Towle, on the Piermont road, and walked home Saturday afternoons, returning to the academy Monday mornings. I remained in Haverhill over one Sabbath only, near the close of the term, and heard the Rev. Henry Wood preach. I have forgotten his text.

The preceptor of the academy then was Ephraim Kingsbury, Esq., who was born in Coventry, Conn., June 18, 1775, the day after the Battle of Bunker Hill, and graduated at Dartmouth College one hundred years ago, in the class of 1797. During several years subsequent to his graduation his whereabouts and his occupation are not definitely known. He probably followed the profession of a teacher; a part of the time at Orford.

In 1806, he was appointed a justice of the peace, as a resident of Orford, but some years afterwards his name appears among those functionaries residing in Haverhill.

In 1807, he became preceptor of Haverhill academy, and so remained until 1812, when he was elected register of deeds for the county of Grafton, and had his office in Haverhill. The duties of his new position were so onerous as to necessitate his

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HON. SYLVESTER DANA.

1852



JOHN W. BROWN

relinquishing the preceptorship of the academy. He still retained much interest in the institution, and was one of its trustees and secretary of the board.

He remained during fifteen years register of deeds by successive elections, but at the election of 1827 he was superseded by the Democratic candidate, John Page, Jr., afterwards Governor Page.

The animated election of 1828 resulted in the restoration of "Squire" Kingsbury to the office of register of deeds. His incumbency, however, was short-lived, for at the election of 1829 he was again ousted, and that finally. Being then relieved from official duties, he again resumed his old position as preceptor of the academy, which he had abandoned seventeen years previously, and again served some three years.

He had great tenacity of will, was a man of ability and of ready speech, and frequently harangued the students upon their duties and obligations, infusing such vigor into his remarks that they sounded very much like scolding. I dare say that we deserved all that we received of his tart admonitions. Upon one occasion, he descanted after this manner, using language which left a deep impression upon my youthful mind: "You may as well try to build a house by laying the foundation in the air, you may as well attempt to shingle a roof by laying the first shingles on top, as to expect to be anything or to accomplish anything in this world without application and hard study." These sentiments, so forcibly expressed, are now quite as pertinent as they were sixty-six years ago.

The preceptor was by no means always crusty. Sometimes his tone was amiable, even laudatory. On one occasion, he highly commended a student, by the name of Brown, who daily came several miles from his home in Newbury, and was promptly in his seat at the opening exercises every morning.

During the term, there was a teachers' convention at Plymouth, and as Esquire Kingsbury proposed to attend, we had a holiday. He mounted an old sulky, and started. "He will be a big gun down there," said one of the students, and so he was. He was president of the convention.

A regimental muster occurred at Piermont, and we had an-

other holiday. We boys at our boarding-house, four in number, were anxious to be present at the very beginning of military performances at 6 o'clock in the morning. That, in our estimation, was very important, very. So during the previous day we puzzled our brains in contriving some device which would certainly wake us up at 4 o'clock on the morning of the muster. We removed the minute hand from the large dining-room clock, and placed a board inclining downwards from its face. On this board we put a heavy wooden roller, which was retained in place by a wire, balanced upon a pivot, attached to the board, and extending to the hour of four upon the face of the clock, so that when the hour hand would reach four, it would hit the wire and release the roller, which in its descent would overthrow a stack of chairs, and thereby arouse the household.

We went to bed, but our minds were so engrossed with the anticipated muster that we awoke very early. "Have you heard the alarm? It must have gone off," said my room-mate. He was mistaken, for in a few moments the hour of four was reached, the roller was set in motion, and down came the chairs upon the floor, creating a miniature earthquake. After a hasty breakfast, we wended our way to Piermont, where we arrived long previous to any military operations. A muster in those days was the great event which boys always enjoyed hugely.

At the close of the term we had an examination, at which outsiders were present. Among them was Joseph Bell, Esq., who, of all the sons of New Hampshire, was second only to Webster in intellectual gifts. This was followed by an exhibition in the meeting-house. The usual amount of speaking was delivered, the most effective piece being the warning of the wizard to the Scottish chieftain:

"Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day
When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array;

* * * * *

For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave."

To this a student by the name of Hall (afterwards, I think,

treasurer of Massachusetts), representing Lochiel, and rigged out in kilts and other Scottish toggery, fiercely replied,—

“Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer,” etc.

Then came the end, and the separation.

Esquire Kingsbury not long afterwards left the academy, and in 1835 removed to New York city, where he became the assistant clerk of the United States district court. I called upon him in December, 1854, and found him quite feeble. He died March 28, 1855, nearly eighty years old.

His wife was a daughter of Captain Pratt of Orford, who commanded the *Grand Turk*, a successful privateer in the Revolutionary War. He had a son, Oliver, and also a daughter.

And now what changes have sixty-six years wrought! The old preceptor has been long since gathered to his fathers. I look over this large audience to discern the countenances of any of my old academic associates. I discover not one, although a few persons are found whose connection with the academy antedates my own.

I look over this beautiful village of Haverhill to behold a single individual who was then engaged in active business here. I find not one. They are gone, nearly or quite all gone to that “undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns,” while a very few of us remain to represent, at this reunion, a bygone generation, whose history is fast sinking into eternal oblivion.

And now, my friends of the good old county of Grafton, my native county, and all others present, I bid you a final farewell.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Luther C. Morse was born in Haverhill, N. H., November 24, 1836. He attended Haverhill academy during 1847-'48, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1860, and was register of probate for Grafton county from 1861-1871, during the last

six years of which period he also practised law. Later, he engaged in the cotton business in Tennessee for two years, and then became interested in Western mining enterprises, which business he has remained in since, being now located at Vanderbilt, Cal., where he has an assay office, and is interested in copper and gold mines.

LETTER FROM L. C. MORSE.

Mr. Chairman and Schoolmates of Haverhill Academy:

I am not unaware of the responsibility I assume in addressing so critical an audience, and I fully realize what the West has a right to expect, yet, happily, there is such a thing as rising to the occasion. If I could gaze upon my made friends of thirty years ago, I presume I should find some of you looking older than you once did, but wearing better clothes. I may say here, that I know nothing whatever of the habitable parts of the West, having laboriously sought out portions where I would not be likely to crowd people. This may be attributed to personal politeness, but I have heard it hinted that it happened from a sort of blundering perversity. (I don't wish this last to go any farther.) You would not be much interested if I should elaborate the uneventfulness of the desert, and my personal adventures don't show up that merry side you find in the best fiction.

We have little here, except cats, which would remind you of civilization. No gardens, no theatres, no gossip, and we keep our good clothes in a trunk until eternal antiquity has tampered with the style thereof. We have a steam wagon and a schoolma'am, of which we are very proud—I mean the schoolma'am; but she has gone to the bad down a side hill—I mean the wagon. The schoolma'am is said to have a bean somewhere, and he had better stay there; the state of society is such he would not be safe here. The compensation for all this consists in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and it's a stern chase at that.

You *flat* people, by which I mean those wise and fortunate

persons who live in a low altitude, can hardly realize the difficulties and afflictions of those heroic souls who haunt the rarified air until a sort of sympathetic thinness is set up, which is supposed to account for our sparse population.

Much would I like to portray the West as the paradise of poetic perfection, but it is not for me to go tottering down the declivity of life, lying like a horse thief. On the other hand, I will say that a dear and intelligent friend assures me that the further West you go, the worse it gets.

In regard to portions of the West where things grow, consulting the best authorities, I find under a brave exterior a certain strain of sadness, such as malaria, poverty, domestic infelicity, and days when fish won't bite. On the desert is health, and we seldom lose large sums of money, though a worse thing may befall us. Last autumn, I lost a fine reputation, in the following manner: In an election district about the size of Connecticut, I was one of a gang of four who voted for Mr. McKinley, after which, nobody seemed to care much about shaking hands; I didn't ask for credit at the store for several weeks, and the two or three little children, who are so charming in a new country, severely soured on me. I was not paying attention to any one at that time, so I don't know what *she* would have done.

Well, this state of things continued till after the return of prosperity, when, by dint of æsthetic culture, a high-bred courtesy, and an irreproachable private life, I climbed back to average respectability. The other three are still at large.

It may be of interest to the statesman and ethnologist to know why I changed my politics. I had been a consistent Democrat for some years, when a man came along, who I have since learned was an artful politician, and said: "I once knew a man of great natural ability, whom you somewhat resemble, who had been out of luck for twenty-nine years, and then went to a fortune-teller, who told the man to change his politics; and as soon as he did so, he began to pick up money in the road, which he has continued to do ever since." Silly as all this sounds, it made a deep impression on my mind, and almost before I knew it myself I had flopped.

If the West looks unfinished to-day, please remember we have not had time to complete it. If you would see a mighty empire, surpassing in wealth, luxury, and grandeur the wildest vision of the maddest poet, wait a hundred years,—and it might be well enough to take a lunch along.

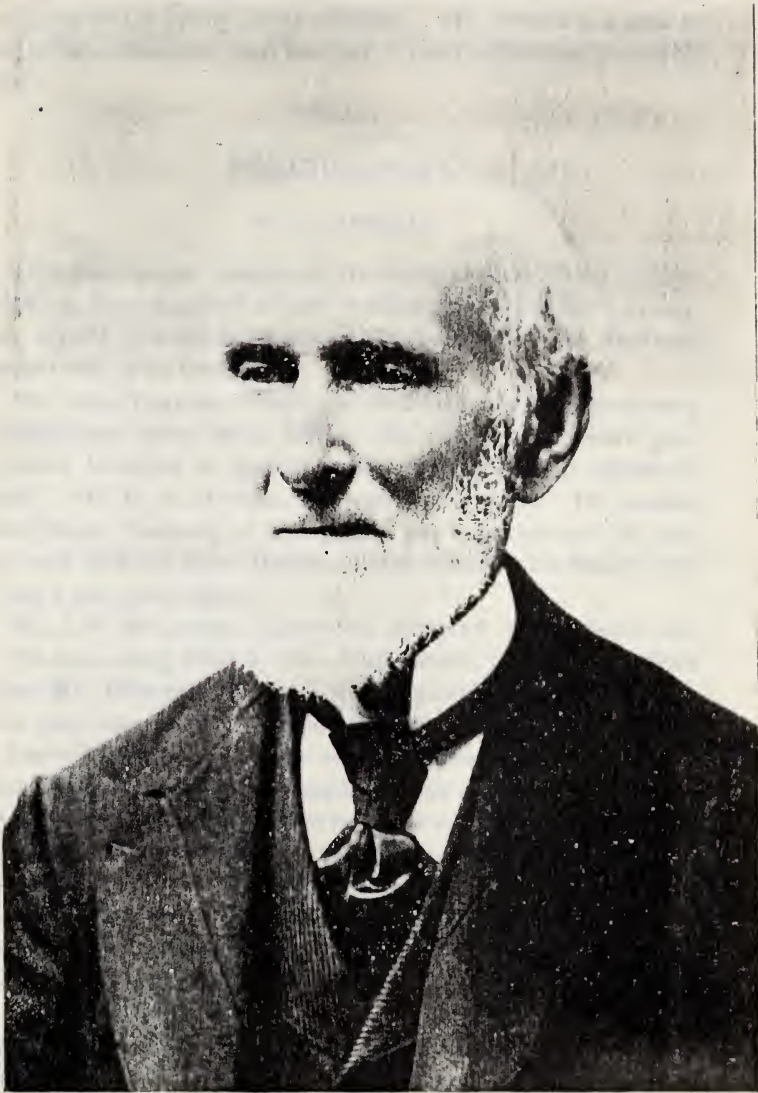
One of half a dozen great men—I do n't now remember which one of us it was—once said, that a literary reunion, by its very nature, enshrines a given element of commonplace atrocity and reminiscence.

The picture of the academy calls up other pictures fifty years old. I was a lad of ten, and boarded in the family of Deacon A. K. Merrill, and I have often wondered since if it was my influence and example, at that early age, that caused the deacon to become so eminently good a man. If so, I would rather like for it to appear in print. His family papers might contain some acknowledgment. This and other things remind me that back in the far away, when eloquence was on a higher plane,—in fact, when I was making one of my first important speeches, and had arrived at that critical point where I was not doing very well,—Mr. Rix, of pleasant memory, being on a front seat, remarked, *sotto voce*: “He is running empties now.” I was very sad, but, still under the spell-binding impulse, could not stop until, at last I heard, sweeter than applause, a sympathetic voice, still Mr. Rix’s, saying, “Sonny, sit down.”

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Daniel F. Merrill was born in Stratham, N. H., in 1812, and fitted for college at Hampton academy. He entered Dartmouth college in 1832, and was graduated in course. After leaving college he was principal of Haverhill academy for two years, and then his health failing, he went to Mobile, Ala., and was a successful teacher in that city for twenty years. In 1860 he returned to Haverhill, and again was at the head of the academy for several years. He then went to Washington and was a clerk in the treasury department from 1865 to 1886. He mar-

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DANIEL F. MERRILL.



Portrait of [illegible]

ried Luella B., daughter of Jacob and Laura (Bartlett) Bell, and they had a family of six children. Mr. Merrill is a man of the highest character, and has led a most useful and honorable life.

REMINISCENCES.

D. F. MERRILL.

That part of the history of Haverhill academy from 1835 to 1843 has been assigned to me to relate, but I will have to confine myself principally to the two years when I was first connected with it as teacher.

Mr. Peter Thatcher Washburn, well known in later years as a distinguished army officer during the war, and afterward governor of Vermont in time of peace, was the popular teacher in 1835. Mr. H. S. Benson followed me in 1838. He married Miss Royce, formerly of this place; was a minister of the gospel, and died in Centre Harbor, where some of his family were living a few years since.

Mr. J. P. Humphrey followed in 1839 and '40, the latter part of his term being filled by Mr. Abel Merrill, a classmate. Then came Mr. Hazeltine for one or two years. Neither of those four who came after me are now living.

I would like to give some reminiscences of the time when I first became teacher of the academy, but sixty-one years, from 1836 to 1897, is a long gap to bridge over and attempt to bring out from the storehouse of memory the names and faces of those with whom I was associated so long ago. This I know, however; only the pleasantest recollections are connected with each and every one, and my two years here were among the pleasantest of my life.

Of the trustees who engaged me to take charge, Mr. Joseph Bell, having been a former teacher of the academy, took a more active interest in the management of affairs, and was the one to whom I always applied in an emergency. The tuition was \$3.25 per quarter, and I was guaranteed \$500.00 a year, with as much more as the attendance warranted.

the first of these is the fact that the earth is not a perfect sphere, but is flattened at the poles and bulged at the equator. This is due to the centrifugal force of rotation, which tends to pull the material at the equator outwards, and to pull the material at the poles inwards.

The second of these is the fact that the earth is not a perfect fluid, but is composed of solid and liquid layers. This is due to the fact that the earth is composed of different materials, which have different properties.

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THE EARTH'S SHAPE

CHAPTER I

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I well remember the old academy building with entrance into a large vestibule or "entry," as it was called, having stairways on either side leading up to the old court-room in the second story, used also for several years as a place of worship for the Methodist denomination. Opposite the front entrance below, were three doors, those on either side opening into narrow rooms used for the "town schools," and also for jury rooms during the sessions of court. These were often used for the evening week-day services of the Congregational church, the Sunday evening services being held on Ladd street.

The middle door opposite the front entrance led into a long, narrow hall, the length of the town school rooms. Another door at the end opened into a large, well-lighted room, the width of the whole building, with the teacher's desk upon a raised platform opposite the entrance. A large wood stove, with long, branching pipes, gave moderate warmth for the pupils, whose seats and desks were arranged in rows, rising from the floor to the wall on the north and south sides, with passages or aisles at intervals, allowing two persons at a desk, the girls on the south side and the boys on the north. The seats in front of the lowest desks were used for recitations for long classes in grammar, "parsing," botany, arithmetic, etc.

In a few years, however, the interior was completely changed, the court and belongings were removed to commodious buildings well suited to their purposes, and the Methodist church held services in a house of its own.

A part of every Wednesday afternoon was devoted to declamations and compositions, but the whole of Saturday afternoon was a holiday. One of the duties of the "preceptor" was the making of quill pens for the pupils, metal pens not being in use, and a part of his Saturday holiday was spent in that way.

Most of the families in the two or three villages were well represented in the school, and there were many from adjoining towns.

The list would be a long one if I should enumerate, and would include many well-known to us here, who have gone out from the school and their homes, made a name for themselves, and filled positions of honor and trust in other localities. Among

those I would mention Miss Lydia Shattuck, so long a beloved and respected teacher at South Hadley. She also taught for several years with Agassiz in his summer school at Penikese, and was a recognized authority in her specialty of botany and natural science throughout New England. She boarded at the "Bank House" with Mrs. Royce, but was little known here. "Overgrown, shy and awkward in those days," she described herself, when I saw her in later years. Her labors have ceased on earth, but her useful and far-reaching influence, who can measure? For thirty years or more she helped to mould the character of many who have been scattered to the ends of the earth.

Miss Nancy Johnson of Newbury, Vt., once so well-known as a teacher and organizer of schools in the West, with Miss Catherine Beecher, was another of the pupils at that time. She was one of the pioneers in female journalism, connected with one of the prominent New York papers under the names of Anna C. Johnson and Minnie Myrtle, but for many years before her death, her mental faculties were so clouded by disease that her early brilliant prospects and active usefulness can hardly be realized by the present generation.

The society in Haverhill in those days was of the best, hospitable, cultivated and refined, recognized as such both far and near. If time permitted, I would like to speak more at length of the delightful gatherings in those pleasant homes, shared alike by both pupils and teachers, but I have already trespassed too long upon your time and patience in these "pictures from the past," and will give place to those who can tell us of later years.

There is a great deal of antiquarianism, very little history, and a very little of the latter is of the kind which is of any use. The history of the county is a very dry and uninteresting subject, and the only thing which is of any use is the list of the names of the lords of the manors, and the list of the names of the lords of the parishes. The history of the county is a very dry and uninteresting subject, and the only thing which is of any use is the list of the names of the lords of the manors, and the list of the names of the lords of the parishes.

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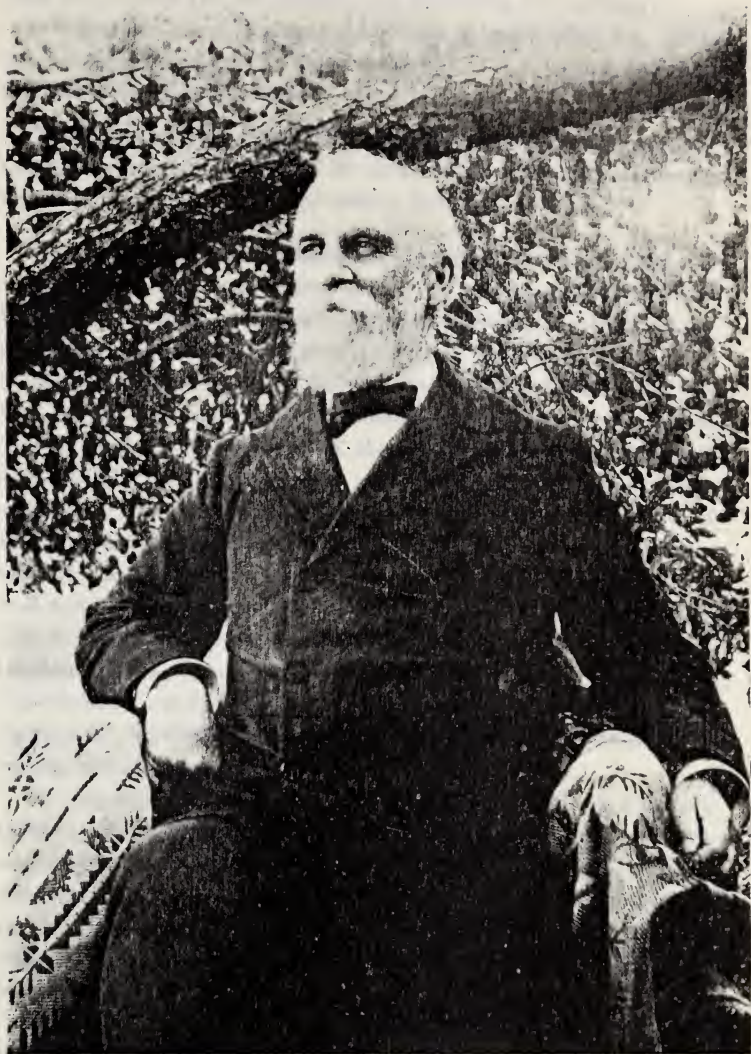
HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

REV. J. L. MERRILL.

You do not need to be informed that during the first half of this century Haverhill Corner was one of the most important communities in northern New Hampshire.

When, however, the academy went into operation, in 1793, there were scarcely homes enough to warrant a distinctive name. Upon the court records of that year, it is mentioned as "Haverhill corner so called," significantly writing "corner" with a small "c". The "corner" was evidently the angle formed by the junction of the Plymouth and River roads. In the northern angle of these roads stood the house and store of Samuel Brooks. This "corner" he had purchased of Colonel Johnston two years before. Mr. Leith's present residence was then Captain Bliss's tavern. He had purchased it of Isaac Moore, its builder, the previous year. In Mrs. Nathaniel Bailey's present residence Colonel Johnston was spending the evening of his days.

The names of these men appear in the charter of the academy, which was obtained in 1794. John Page and Rev. Ethan Smith were associated with them in the charter as trustees. They were their neighbors, the first living on the River road, and the minister in the Henry Merrill house on the Plymouth road. These incorporators, with others, had erected a large and commodious building of wood, to be used as a courthouse and academy. They had placed it in Colonel Johnston's field, on the ground between Pearson hall and the new academy. The lawn in front of it, down to the River road between Colonel Johnston's and Samuel Brooks's, was the incipient common. Before Colonel Johnston's death, however, Samuel Brooks was living and trading on the west side of Main street, and his



REV. J. L. MERRILL.



WILLIAM J. BROWN

buildings on the "corner" had been moved up the Plymouth road to the site the Westgates and Barstows now occupy.

In a copy of the *Universal Advertiser* of September 16, 1789, now in the possession of C. H. Day, Esq., of Concord, we read the following advertisement:

"Just received by Sammel Brooks, Haverhill, N. H., a quantity of dry goods, which will be sold cheap for present pay in flaxseed, beef cattle, salts of ashes, beeswax (or cash)."

The public-spirited citizens of Haverhill not only built an academy and courthouse, but also a "goal and goal house," at their own expense, and were successful about this time in establishing a United States postal route to Haverhill.

These efforts were rewarded by the rapid growth of the village, house lots selling as in a booming Western town. Thus we see that the academy and the village came into existence substantially at the same time, and the same people were their sponsors. And from that time until the present, very few of the prominent citizens of the village have not served as trustees of the academy. Indeed, to be a resident of Haverhill, and not to be interested in the academy, has always been to live out of harmony with one's environment. Only a few non-residents have been among the trustees. Moses P. Payson, Ira Goodall, and Rev. Mr. Sutherland, all of Bath, Joseph Sawyer of Piermont, and Abiathar G. Britton of Orford, are among those that occur to us.

The inhabitants of the "lower part of Haverhill" were mainly thrown upon their own resources in building up the town. They not only erected the courthouse, academy, and county jail by voluntary subscription, but also the Ladd Street meeting-house in the same way, despairing of obtaining a vote of the town to build a meeting-house and settle a minister, or to divide the town into two parishes.

They tried in vain for a hundred years to obtain an endowment for the academy. In 1808, Charles Johnson and others obtained the privilege of instituting a lottery, for the benefit of Haverhill academy, from the legislature of New Hampshire. Tickets were issued by William Tarleton, and later on by

Stephen P. Webster. Very little, if any, of the modest sum of \$3,000, to which they were limited by act of the General Court, appears to have been realized.

During the century they have seen one and another of the alumni accumulating wealth, and have hoped that some of it might fall to the academy, but none came until Samuel F. Southard remembered the institution generously in his will. A little nest egg of \$500 was once given by Mrs. Mary P. Webster and Dr. Phineas Spalding, but no more was added to it, and it is gone, probably having been spent in some of the numerous crises, to keep the institution alive. But the trustees and other residents have been true to the example set them at the very beginning.

When the original courthouse and academy was ruined by fire in 1814, a new brick building was promptly erected. This is the building which all the living alumni knew as the academy of their day. The name of Edmund Stevens, who laid up its walls of brick so true and handsomely, should be embalmed in these annals.

Not a dozen years elapsed before the trustees grew dissatisfied with sharing the building with the county courts and district schools, and attempted repeatedly to buy or sell. From 1818 to 1833, a preceptress was employed, who was usually compelled to find a school-room outside the academy building. In 1833, a preceptress was dispensed with, for lack of funds and appropriate accommodations. However, a hope was expressed that an edifice well fitted for a female seminary would be forthcoming before another season. In 1841, a committee was appointed to try to obtain from the state the land on which the powder-house stood. This effort for a new building seems to have failed, and it was not until 1845 that satisfactory terms were made with the county court.

They then bought out its claim, and fitted it up for the two departments which they had so long desired to maintain. Before this time, the academy only occupied one room, covering the eastern half of the lower floor of the edifice, the only access to which was through a long, narrow hall, between the two district school-rooms. From this time, for nearly a score of years,

the whole building was devoted to the uses of the academy. But when the interior of the brick church was refitted, and the pulpit and pews reversed, the village lost the privilege of using it as freely as they had been accustomed, whereupon the trustees of the academy allowed the village to fit up an assembly hall on the lower floor of the building.

This was the last change in the interior of the edifice until the public school system was united with the academy, when a thousand dollars were expended upon repairs.

The position of trustee has never been merely a place of honor, but also a position of pecuniary responsibility, which has been nobly accepted and faithfully discharged. With other public-spirited citizens, they have met the expense of repairs and changes made necessary by the lapse of time and the development of the institution, and they have also supplied, as best they could, the lack of income from a permanent fund. The assessments were comparatively small at first, when rival institutions were far away. Phillips, Exeter, had been in operation ten years in 1793. Appleton academy, in New Ipswich, was incorporated in 1789, and Atkinson in 1790; Gilmanton academy, the same year as Haverhill, 1791; Peacham, 1797; Bradford, 1821; and Newbury seminary, in 1833.

As these rivals multiplied and drew nearer, an addition to the current income became more urgent, and the trustees and others were obliged to contribute more liberally.

During Rev. J. V. Beane's administration, \$200 a year were pledged. For a period of five years, beginning with Mr. Charlton's principalship, the sum of \$500 annually was subscribed. The competition of well-endowed academies became gradually so sharp that it was apparent that the institution could only be kept alive by an ample endowment, or by a union with the public school system. As no endowment was in sight, the latter alternative was accepted in 1880.

In this change, Haverhill has only followed the example of a majority of New England academies. The few blessed with a munificent endowment have compelled the others to unite their fortunes with the town high schools. These high schools have an important mission, but it is not exactly that of the old acade-

mies, which originated in the religious instincts of the people, and largely had for their pupils those most hungry for an education.

Haverhill academy was not an exception. Rev. Ethan Smith, whose name stands among the incorporators, was a man distinguished for learning and piety, and we doubtless see his influence in the charter itself, which reads: "The design of said institution shall be to promote religion, piety, virtue, and morality." It was early, if not at the beginning, a rule of the school that the "preceptor should open his school in the morning with prayer, and it was recommended to close the school with prayer when the labors of the instruction are such as to make it convenient." The following was another rule: "It shall be the duty of every student to attend public worship every Sunday, and except to attend public worship, each student shall remain in his lodgings upon the Sabbath unless circumstances of necessity or mercy require that they should go from home."

There was no fund to aid students in narrow circumstances, but they were by no means forgotten. One dollar a week, in Mr. Kingsbury's time, would pay all necessary expenses, tuition and books excepted, and there were always those earning their board by doing chores. The most distinguished of these in after years was Nathan Clifford, justice of the United States supreme court. As an illustration of the encouragement afforded sometimes, we might mention that when B. Frank Palmer had been accidentally disabled for life, a home was freely given him by the leading families of the community until he had prepared himself to earn a livelihood. He passed the blessing on to others, unfortunate like himself, by inventing the first artificial limb worthy to take the place of the natural one.

Many have been in attendance at this institution from neighboring towns, some from other states, and even from foreign countries. The majority of the pupils, however, have boarded at home in Haverhill, or in the adjacent towns of Piermont and Newbury. All these homes have not been within easy walking distance, by any means. From beyond Ladd street and South Newbury, out on the turnpike, and down as far as Piermont village, have pupils wended their way to the academy. One of

Dr. Wellman's daughters once remarked to me that she often walked, when a girl, from her father's house to Haverhill academy. But it was not these long-distance walkers that filled the academy to overflowing with pupils and crowded the public schools. There were families in the early days of Haverhill which in number, as well as quality, did credit to the town. At one time, in two families that had a common yard and were almost as much together as one family, there were nineteen young people, every one of them pupils in the academy. Either of these families could be paralleled by quite a number of others.

The village of Haverhill owes its early reputation for culture and refinement largely to the academy. The fact that the courts sat here and were frequented by the most able lawyers in New Hampshire, when Ezekiel Webster, Jeremiah Smith, and John Sullivan were members of its bar, was no small advantage to the place. Neither was it any slight thing that the Congregational church of the village was one of the strongest and most intelligent in this vicinity, and Rev. Ethan Smith lifted high the standard of ministerial requirements for this church. The travelers also that passed through here from North, South, East, and West were not, of course, an unmixed blessing, but they gave the citizens of Haverhill the opportunity of meeting a great variety of people, and the intermingling of divers characters helps to polish the mass. More potent, however, than all things else was the academy, to keep high the standard of intellectual attainment.

Few families felt that they had done their duty if they had not given their children a taste of academic culture, continuing them in this school from one term to several years, according to the appetite of the pupil and the financial ability of the parents. Parents who were not self-moved to do this felt the contagion of their environment. It was the thing to do in Haverhill, and consequently people who might not have thought of it in some places, gave their children academic advantages here. In the early days, when there were no other academies near, the whole country side sought for public school teachers among the students of Haverhill Academy, feeling that the fountain ought to

be higher* than the cistern to be filled, the teacher ought to know more than the pupil is expected to learn. All that desired and were competent in other respects, besides education, had no difficulty in obtaining schools, the young men in winter, and the young ladies in the summer. Therefore the fall and spring terms of the Academy were much the fullest. Eighty per cent of the young men in attendance in the fall term, eighty years ago, went out to teach school in the winter.

One consequence of the Academy's domicile in Haverhill has been the number of graduates it has furnished for Dartmouth College. Not many towns have sent more men to Dartmouth. Had the lists of pupils which the preceptor was required to furnish the trustees yearly, been preserved in the archives, as they ought to have been, a comparison with the general catalogue of the college might prove Haverhill to be the banner town in the number of its graduates from Dartmouth. Taking the catalogue of 1819, the earliest accessible, thirty per cent of the names of the young men on its roll, occur in the Dartmouth General Catalogue.

Many names of considerable reputation can be found in these catalogues of Haverhill Academy.

It might be invidious for me to select a few out of the many for honorable mention. But to go back to the date last mentioned, 1819, let us quote what the sole surviving pupil of that year — Arthur Livermore, Esq., — says of his contemporaries: "Jesse Kimball was the preceptor, and among his scholars were Benjamin West Bonney, who gained distinction and wealth at the bar in New York, where he died fifty years later; Andrew S. Wood, who became Chief Justice of New Hampshire; Nathan Clifford, who gained a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States; Everett Wheeler and Warren D. Gookin, who both became rich and died in New York; Anthony W. Morse, who was distinguished in the New York Stock Exchange by rushing speculations, and the attendant vicissitudes of fortune; Josiah and Levi Bartlett, brothers, who made their lives useful in the practice of medicine; Horace Soper, who became respectable in the law, and a number of others whose names I might mention, and whom I knew in the

sequel of their lives, as worthy, perhaps, of a distinction which they never reached or perhaps aspired to.

"Nathan Wilson, a lawyer, at or near Bangor, if now living (1888), is the sole survivor of the group I could name."

Having the catalogue before us, we see that he might have mentioned others, but it is remarkable that so many with whom he attended school so young, presented themselves to his memory as worthy of note. As much as this might be written of any period sufficiently remote, by one with his facile pen and vivid memory.

Reminiscences are in order from the alumni present, and they can better speak of periods they represent, than one whose task is to traverse the whole field.

The lack of a large income from invested funds has made it often impossible to secure men of large experience in teaching, or generally to retain the best teachers for any length of time. While mention is made of principals whose names can be readily obtained, you will notice that the fame and success so many afterwards obtained, proves that they were selected with care and does credit to the judgment of the trustees.

Moses P. Payson, the first preceptor, became famous as a presiding officer, presiding over various deliberative bodies, from the Bath Town Meeting to the Senate of New Hampshire. Arthur Livermore writes "that he presided over everything he belonged to, and when the whole world met at Windsor to vote the Connecticut river a navigable stream, Mr. Payson was placed in the chair."

Thomas Snell was preceptor in 1796. He afterwards became a clergyman and received the degree of D. D. from Amherst College. He died in 1862 at the advanced age of 87 years.

Sebastian Cabot became preceptor immediately upon graduating from Dartmouth College in 1797. He was not the discoverer of North America, but a clergyman. He died in 1853.

Stephen P. Webster, a stray Harvard graduate, in a preserve that was almost exclusively enjoyed by Dartmouth men, taught the school for several years. His fellow citizens honored him with every possible office in their gift up to State Senator, and

in that position he delivered the address of welcome when La Fayette visited Concord. He was long remembered by the worshippers in the old Ladd Street meeting house as the leader of the singing, and his peculiar gestures in marking the time made a deep impression upon some of the young people of that day.

Next, William Lambert occupied the chair of principal from 1800 until 1805. He afterwards became a lawyer.

Abner Emerson taught in 1805. David Sloan, D. C., 1806, was principal in 1806. He afterwards was trustee, taking much interest in the welfare of the Academy during his long career as one of the leading lawyers in Haverhill. His son, David S. Sloan, is put down in the catalogue as assistant preceptor in 1836.

Joseph Bell came from graduation at Dartmouth, and taught in 1807. He afterwards practised law in Haverhill, being admitted to the bar in 1811, and easily rose to be the peer of the most famous New Hampshire lawyers in legal knowledge and ability, though his manner before a jury was not so pleasing as some of his rivals. He appears as counsel in one hundred and seventy-six cases at the Grafton County Court, out of the two hundred and sixty-four cases, as reported in the first ten volumes of the New Hampshire reports.

Ephraim Kingsbury was preceptor from 1807 until 1811. He began with a salary of \$300, which seems to have been the compensation from the beginning until 1811, when it was raised to \$450. In 1836 Mr. D. F. Merrill received \$500. Isaac Patterson taught a year after his graduation in 1812. He was for many years a conspicuous character upon our streets at court time. He remained a gallant and chivalrous bachelor until he died, at the advanced age of eighty-nine. The Charles Johnston who was preceptor from 1813 to 1815, must have been the Rev. Charles Johnston, grandson of Colonel Johnston, who graduated in the class of 1813 of Dartmouth College. He studied Theology with Rev. Grant Powers and Dr. Lyman Beecher, and became a Presbyterian minister.

Joseph Merrill graduated from Dartmouth College in 1814, and taught in the Academy eighteen months while studying law

with Joseph Bell. He afterwards became a Congregational minister, and was pastor of the church in Draut, Mass., where it accommodated all in Lowell who cared to attend religious worship.

Rev. E. J. Boardman, who afterwards married a daughter of Richard Gookin, is remembered as being the first preceptor in the brick academy in 1816-17.

Cyrus P. Grosvenor, immediately after graduating at Dartmouth, taught in 1818. His administration was not successful, though he afterwards attained such a reputation as an educator as to be elected President of the Central College of New York and receive the title of LL. D. He was succeeded by Jesse Kimball, who left a very deep impression upon his pupils. He afterwards obtained the privilege of practising both law and medicine. In 1820 Joseph Porter taught, and in 1821 we find Andrew Mack in the preceptor's chair. He had experience as a teacher before he came to Haverhill, having been a tutor in Dartmouth. He remained until 1828. The school enjoyed much prosperity under his administration, sending quite a large number of students to college. He was succeeded by Nathan G. Dow, who afterwards practised law in Boston in partnership with Mayor Prince. His courtly manners did not win him a wife, if he wanted one, for he died as he had lived, a bachelor.

In 1829, Ephraim Kingsbury took the school again in hand and tried to raise its standard and extend its scope. He had resided in town many years, and was a lawyer of education, but was busy in various directions, having been town clerk, treasurer, selectman, and for many years register of deeds. He was authority on all educational matters, being superintendent of the public schools and secretary of the board of trustees of the academy. His well-known extravagance of speech and conduct stood in the way of his success as a teacher. He came into needless collision with his pupils, as he did with his fellow-townsmen and his brethren in the church. While he is only remembered as over-bearing and severe by most of his surviving pupils, one lady recalls him as very considerate and kind in lending her books from the little bookstore he kept, along with all the other irons he had in the fire.

He was succeeded by Francis Vose, also a man of experience in teaching, but who stayed a single year.

The separate female department of the school was now discontinued, only for a little while it was hoped, until a suitable building for its accommodation could be erected. It had been sustained, perhaps not continuously, since 1818. Miss Ruth Phelps Morse, Miss Harriet Marsh, Miss Kent, and perhaps others were at the head. Miss Kent's school-room was on the second floor of Henry Towle's building. In 1831, there was an assistant preceptress, Miss Annette Farrar. In the autumn of 1832, the two departments united in their closing exercises, in the recently built brick church. Israel Dana, fresh from his musical training in Boston, played the new organ. Mr. Cyrus Bradish gives from memory the verses repeated in concert by the students as they parted, some of them never to meet again :

"The fairest, loveliest scenes of earth
Like dreams may pass away,
But o'er them memory sheds a light
That can't decay.

Life is before us now, we go
To try its various ways,
And many a thorny path awaits
Our future days.

Yet in the hours when most we need
True friends mid sorrow's tears,
Our hearts shall turn to those we loved
In earlier years.

We part, dear friends, time hurries on
The sad, unwelcome hour,
But o'er the tie that binds our hearts,
Time has no power."

Strange that these words should have lingered in this man's memory through all these sixty-five years. But this occasion was a red-letter day with him; the last of his school days, when he parted with comrades he never met again; the organ an instrument he had never heard, the blind boy playing it so skillfully, all this made a deep impression on this ardent lover

of poetry and music. Mr. Bradish claims to be the oldest surviving teacher, "as Mr. Kingsbury put him in charge of the school for two whole days while he was absent from town." Mrs. Sarah A. Carleton is the oldest living pupil, and she is present with us to-day.

Mr. Joseph T. Bodwell began under very auspicious conditions in 1833, and won golden opinions during the two years of his principalship. By the advice of the Rev. Joseph Gibbs, pastor of the Congregational church, Mr. Bodwell took his theological course at Highbury college, London. His first pastoral charge was in England, where he married his wife. He was trained in the theological school to speak readily without a manuscript, and was much in request as a lecturer after he returned to this country. He became professor in the Theological Institute of Connecticut, now at Hartford. He was a man of rare social qualities and sincere piety. John Lord, the historian, was his classmate and is still remembered as a teacher at Haverhill on account of his eccentricities. He had a name for each one of his scholars suggested to his mind by some peculiarity.

Peter T. Washburne was Mr. Bodwell's successor. He became distinguished as a lawyer in Vermont, and was governor of the state.

To him succeeded Daniel Ford Merrill, who is the oldest surviving preceptor of Haverhill Academy and is present to-day. At the end of two years he resigned. The trustees put on record the following resolution :

"Resolved, unanimously, that the trustees highly approve of the conduct of Mr. Daniel F. Merrill as preceptor of the Academy, and are happy to express their belief that he has fully and faithfully performed his engagements, and they cannot but regret he is about to leave."

Mr. Merrill spent about a score of years as a teacher in Mobile, Ala., returning to Haverhill, however, before the breaking out of the Civil War. He had charge of the Academy again from 1861-5.

H. H. Benson taught in 1838. In 1839, John P. Humphrey was appointed and remained two years. He was the first teacher

in the Academy whom I remember. The last word I spelled in his school was "business." One evening, when recitations were finished before time to dismiss, he told us a tale of his grandfather, who set out from Ireland, a young bachelor, to try his fortunes in America. The vessel in which he embarked was driven about by contrary winds until provisions failed and the crew and passengers became fierce and desperate. In their famished state they cast lots to determine who should die the next day to furnish food for the survivors. The lot fell on his grandfather. We youngsters were anxious to learn whether the young bachelor, afterwards his grandfather, died in that inglorious way. Rev. Mr. Humphrey was for twenty years pastor of the Congregational church in Winchester, N. H., and was afterwards settled in St. Johnsbury, Vt., and Winchendon, Mass. Abel Merrill, a classmate of Mr. Humphrey's in college, taught for Mr. Humphrey the last term of the school year. He was afterwards a lawyer in Chelsea, Vt., where he recently died.

Mr. H. H. Hazeltine, another classmate of Mr. Humphrey's, succeeded him. He was the last preceptor before the court sold out to the trustees of the Academy. He became a Baptist minister, and died in middle life.

The trustees now came into full possession of the Academy building and fitted it up so a separate female department could be accommodated, and in 1846 Rev. Heman Rood opened the school anew, with Miss Catherine Hitchcock as lady principal; Miss Susan Rood teacher of French and instrumental music, and Miss Mary Jane Rood as teacher of drawing. Miss Hitchcock was a daughter of President Hitchcock of Amherst college, and was afterwards the wife of Rev. H. M. Storrs, D. D. In 1847, Miss Lucinda R. Dewey was female principal. Prof. Rood resigned in 1849, and Rev. John V. Beane, who had retired from the profession of teaching and was living at Haverhill, anxious to do what he could for the prosperity of the school, agreed to maintain a female seminary for three years if the trustees would guarantee him the sum of two hundred dollars a year, which they did. Mrs. Laura M. Carpenter was at the head of the school during the last two years of Mr. Beane's contract, and among other assistants she had for a time Miss

Hannah Page, afterwards the wife of Ezra Bowen, Esq., and Miss Catherine McKean, an excellent teacher, who afterwards was employed at St. Johnsbury academy and Mt. Holyoke seminary. Mrs. Carpenter was highly commended by the trustees both for her discipline and her teaching.

After Mr. Beane's contract closed the institution appears to have languished until the trustees came again to its rescue by raising a guarantee fund of five hundred dollars a year. Armed with this they secured the services of Edwin A. Charlton of the class of 1854, Dartmouth college. He remained only one year, but had good success. He died in 1896, after an honorable career as an educator and journalist. He was the author of the book, entitled, "New Hampshire As It Is."

Chandler Richards, Dartmouth, 1855, taught the school one year. He belonged to a family of teachers, his cousin, Cyrus S. Richards, LL. D., and his sister, Miss Helen T. Richards, being long connected with Kimball Union academy at Meriden, N. H., making it one of the best schools in New England. Mr. Richards died in 1882, having served his generation well as a lawyer.

Halsey J. Boardman and Edward M. Denny both taught a term in the school year of 1856-7. Mr. Boardman, a successful lawyer, has been president of the Massachusetts senate. Mr. Denny made a good record in the Civil War, and has been somewhat of a traveler. He resides in New York.

Miss Mindana Buswell, now Mrs. S. F. Hook, was chosen assistant principal in 1854, and with an interim of one year, 1856-7, continued at her post until 1861, being alone during the last four years. She returned in the spring of 1865, after Mr. D. F. Merrill had removed to Washington, and taught the spring and fall terms. Mrs. Hook was a popular and successful teacher. Miss Elizabeth J. Merrill, who exerted an excellent influence over her pupils, assisted Mr. Merrill two years. Miss Clara A. Palmer, now the widow of Rev. A. B. Lyon, was with him one term. She at one time taught at Abbott academy, Andover, Mass. Miss Helen Merrill assisted him a year or more. Benjamin M. Hill taught in 1867, and Dr. Kelley in 1869.

The second period of the history of the United States is the period of the American Revolution. This period is the most important in the history of the United States, and it is the period in which the United States became a nation. The American Revolution was a struggle for independence from Great Britain, and it was a struggle for the rights of the people. The American Revolution was a struggle for the rights of the people, and it was a struggle for the rights of the people. The American Revolution was a struggle for the rights of the people, and it was a struggle for the rights of the people.

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The trustees seem about this time to have given up the attempt to run the school in competition with endowed academies. Quite a number of ladies obtained the use of the rooms in the building to teach private schools, and later on the school districts Nos. 1 and 17 were allowed accommodations in the building for their schools.

The union with the public school system, by which the Academy has taken the place of a High school, was first entered upon in 1880, and though it is a different school, with different material, and of course different aims from the Academy of the olden time, it has been as useful probably in the line in which it works.

J. H. Dunbar, C. H. Merrill, D. O. Bean, and Charles S. Earle have been principals who have continued in office for more than a year, and have measured up to the standard of their predecessors. Edward S. Boyd and Rev. E. W. Stoddard each taught a term in 1890. Miss Grace Woodward was Mr. Dunbar's assistant, and is remembered with interest by her pupils. She has had a successful career as teacher since.

Mr. Dunbar and Mr. Morrill are making for themselves a creditable record as educators in Vermont. Mr. Morrill is principal of the Brigham academy in Bakersfield, Vt., one of the most heavily endowed academies in the state. Mr. Bean has recently graduated from Yale Divinity school. Mr. Earle is teaching in the West.

A quotation from a letter from J. C. Edgerly, Esq., will give a good idea of the school under the new regime. He says, "Mr. Dunbar succeeded in arousing a good degree of interest and enthusiasm among his pupils, making them accomplish a good deal of hard work. He was especially strong in mathematics and Latin. He also took part in the athletic sports of the boys, and Haverhill at that time had the best ball team probably in the state, north of Dartmouth college. Mr. Dunbar usually played on the nine. A debating society was established by us, called the Alpha Literary society. The social life of the village was very active, and the students gave many public entertainments in the old Academy hall. We were even ambitious to produce the 'Merchant of Venice' at one time, and I

remember especially the parts of 'Portia' and 'Shylock' were taken by Miss Mary Bailey and Mr. D. Q. Child, who is now a clergyman in Michigan. Rhetoricals were encouraged by Mr. Dunbar, and the Academy boasted of some excellent speakers and readers."

Concerning this period Mr. Dunbar himself says, "The majority of the pupils were of unusual ability, and applied themselves with unusual earnestness. Indeed, never elsewhere during my experience of nearly twenty years as a teacher and superintendent, have I seen such scholars as these in the fullest sense of the word, or such work as they accomplished."

Here endeth the history of the Academy up to date. The prophecy of what is to be in coming days will be in order to-morrow.

But the historian will be allowed to say that there are indications of a future that will be a fitting sequel to the past. You have advantages that the fathers longed for, but never enjoyed. Many disadvantages under which they labored have been taken out of your path. You have a beautiful building, with all the conveniences for which they prayed. You have the old Academy sacred in the hearts of many of us, because of the memories of those once associated with us, whom we will never see again in this world; you have this building preserved to you in a form of which we are all proud, and which will amply meet a long felt want, and for which all the alumni are very grateful to Mr. Pearson. You are thus well equipped for the social life that grows up around such an institution. The permanent fund, which was the desideratum all these years, has begun to appear. We hope it will grow to such ample dimensions that your institution may yet be able to stand among the well endowed academies of the state.



ELIZABETH E. BICKFORD

Was born in Oxford, N. H., March 26, 1861; graduated from Haverhill Academy in 1881; also from the Normal School in Plymouth in 1885, and from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1894, receiving the degree of B. S. She then taught for three years at the Bryn Mawr Preparatory School, after which she studied for two years in Germany, at the universities of Leipzig and Freiburg, receiving at the latter the degree of Ph. D. She is at present a teacher in Vassar College, being in charge of the biological department.

ODE.

MOUNTAIN STREAMS.

I

Ye mountain streams, dear prophets of
delights,

For field and bird and man, how sweet
resound

Your tuneful songs, as from your cloud-
tipped heights

Ye hasten down with joyous leap and
bound,

Then ripple gently onward toward the
sea,

Your haven and eternity! What tales
Ye tell to ears attuned to Nature's key!

Your mists so pale conceal, like filmy
veils,

Fresh radiant scenes of life, as in and out

Through woods and velvet meadows starred with flowers,

Your silvery waters swiftly glide about

The livelong hours, 'neath fringing willow bowers.

O little mountain streams, yea, many lands

Have felt the magic of your sweet refrain;

Where'er from out Heaven's kindly, bounteous hand

Is dropped the rain, 'tis truly not in vain

That, joyful, ye spring forth from the dark earth

And gleaming in the glow of sunlit day,

With sparkling smiles give thanks for such a birth

Ere on you stray to take your downward way.

Down many a foreign mountain, capped with snow,

I've seen your waters spring, with daring leap,

To mingle in the valleys far below,

Where rivers deep their silent memories keep;

And yet, to me your songs are ne'er so fraught

With over tones and harmonies divine,

As when from old New Hampshire's hills are brought

Echoes sublime of bubbling brooklets' chime.

Such cadences from our dear native hills,

Arouse pulsations strong in memory's stream;

And as I listen to those rippling rills,
 There come sweet dreams of other days supreme;
 Days when life's rivulet, in onward flow,
 Had reached the lofty plains of early youth;—
 Those were the best days given us here below,
 In which, forsooth, we learned the worth of truth,
 And in the learning were so richly blest.

II

O happy days of youth! O Haverhill days,
 When in the old Academy, impressed
 By wisdom's sway, we learned the various ways
 Of measuring the height of twinkling stars;
 Or, thrilling at the thought of deeds so grand,
 We followed Caesar in his glorious wars
 For foreign lands,—or marched with Xenophon's bands,
 Or voyaged with sad Ulysses, tempest tossed
 O'er raging seas, far from Penelope's side,
 While fair Calypso wept Telemachus lost!

With glowing pride, how eagerly we tried
 To store our minds with learning's lore,
 Unconscious that the best of all which we
 Received came not from books alone, but more
 From fountains free of Friendship's ministry;
 At her soft touch, our lives grow wondrous bright
 With rainbow tints of human sympathy.
 So when some silvery water-fall by light
 Is touched, we see the glorious mystery
 Of rainbow arch—so full of promised joy—
 O'erhang the snowy whiteness of its foam.
 Yea, Friendship's mighty power naught can destroy
 Though far we roam from friends or childhood's home.

Within these walls were caught those days of gold—
 True Haverhill days;—'t was here with thoughts supplied,
 Each stream of life grew broad and deeper souled;
 Until with pride, our young souls gaily cried,
 "O World, we're coming now to bring thee cheer!"
 Since then, replete with joyous light, or shade
 Of sorrow's gloom, has passed full many a year.
 And God has made bright flowers to bloom and fade
 Beside our pathways, as adown the slopes
 Of Time we glide. To-day, like ships at sea,
 We speak in passing, and aglow with hopes
 For what may be, our new Academy

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We view with happy hearts. Oh, may its walls
 With old New Hampshire's sons and daughters true
 Be quickly filled! There oft may Wisdom's calls
 Young hearts imbue with inspiration new
 And strong! Let Friendship's hand weave silken ties
 Around the hearts that gather there; and may
 Each crystal fount of Wisdom's source, which lies
 Upon the way to manhood's glorious sway,
 Pour forth a throbbing stream of Freedom's power,
 Until each life re-echoes loud the cry,
 "Free souls for men." Oh, hasten that glad day,
 For it draws nigh, when with ideals planted high,
 Deep planted in the hearts of youth, great floods
 Of noble lives shall sweep away the wrongs
 Which devastate our land, and blight Hope's buds.

III

And now, ere long, we must join the throngs
 Of those whose lives are merged in the calm sea
 Of God's eternity. The end? Oh, no,
 For, as our lives our influence will be.
 Full well we know, how lightly to and fro
 The pearly drops of vapor move, as higher
 And lighter drawn up by the great sun, they rise from
 Ocean waves; and oft do we admire
 The azure skies, in which soft vapor lies
 Transformed, a fleecy, floating cloud, so fair
 To see; but, when by cooler breezes tossed,
 It changes to a shower, falls through the air,
 And quick is lost to view; where, richly mossed
 The warm earth takes it in, though not to keep,
 For near at hand a laughing rill soon swells
 With impulse new, its dashing onward sweep
 So plainly tells what added force impels
 Its flow.

And thus it goes from rill to sea,
 From sea to rill in a perpetual round.
 What symbols strong of immortality
 May here be found! How richly they abound
 In sweet suggestions; for to live again
 In others' lives is gain indeed! The breath
 Of Time brings showers of influences to men.
 The poet saith with truth, "There is no death!
 What seems so is transition." Rising straight
 Out from the eternal sea, these showers expand

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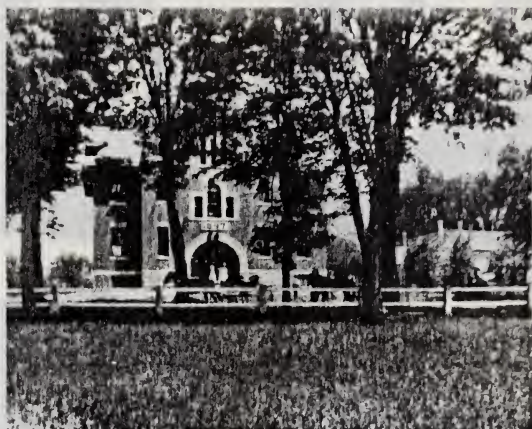
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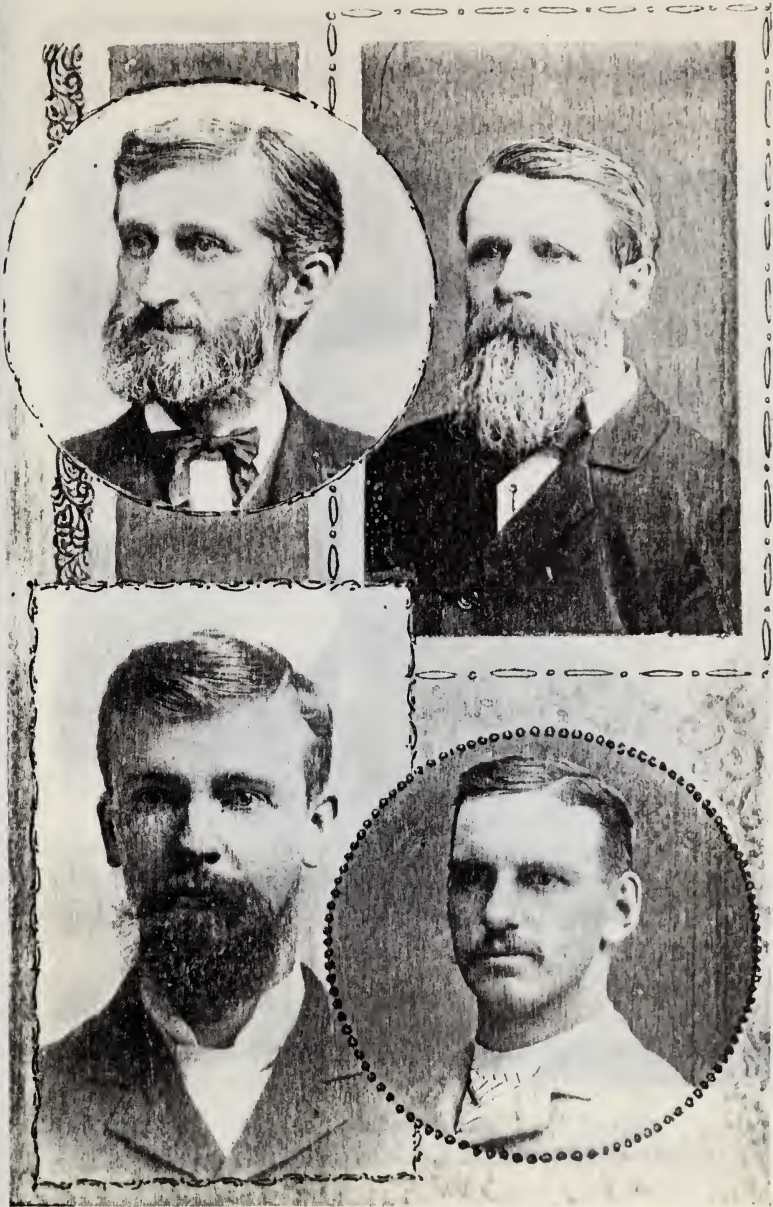
The first of these is the fact that the
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O'er us. Oh, let us work while we await
Transitions grand wrought out by God's own hand,
In his own time, while we await the day
Of perfect freedom, when, united, we
May send forth influences on their glad way
Out from our sea to God's eternity.



The Chinese culture is a very ancient one, and it is one of the most important in the world. It has a long history, and it has many different parts. The Chinese people have many different customs and traditions, and they have many different ways of thinking and feeling. The Chinese culture is very different from the Western culture, and it is very interesting to study.





REV. C. H. MERRILL.
D. M. HILDRETH.

EZRA B. ADAMS.
Wm. H. BARSTOW.

PROMINENT VISITING ALUMNI.



JOHN W. BROWN
 JOHN W. BROWN
 JOHN W. BROWN
 JOHN W. BROWN

MEMOIR OF THE DECEASED, AND THE
HISTORY OF THE NEW JERSEY



J. H. DUNBAR,

Principal Haverhill Academy from 1880 to Fall of 1885.

SECOND DAY OF THE REUNION, AND DEDICATION OF THE NEW BUILDING.



THE NEW ACADEMY.

THE NEW YORK STATE ARCHIVES
AND THE NEW YORK STATE LIBRARY



THE NEW YORK STATE ARCHIVES AND THE NEW YORK STATE LIBRARY

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Samuel Finley Southard, son of Aaron and Jane (Finley) Southard, was born in Charlestown, N. H., May 17, 1813. When nine years old, he came with his parents to Haverhill, and lived on the Col. Asa Porter farm, which his father and his twin brother, Moses Southard, had just purchased.

His common-school advantages were supplemented by an attendance at Haverhill academy. His childhood days were passed where everything about him revealed the bountiful gifts of Mother Nature, and as he inherited from his father the characteristics of a good agriculturist, he could hardly have followed any other than that most honorable calling among men, and proved himself the right man in the right place. He threw himself with all the energy of his nature into the cultivation and improvement of the broad acres which he inherited from his father, and was one of the best farmers in the town. He was successful because he deserved to be. He had a just pride in his fields, his meadows, and his sleek cattle.

A citizen of sterling integrity, kind and generous feelings, frank and manly bearing, he enjoyed the friendship and esteem of the leading men of the section. Socially, he was plain and unpretending; had an active, inquiring mind, and a clear and retentive memory.

He died May 4, 1893, leaving the residue of his large estate to Haverhill academy.



SAMUEL F. SOUTHARD.



7. — JAMES H. HARRIS



S. P. CARBEE, M. D.
President Board of Trustees, Haverhill Academy.



WILLIAM W. WOOD
PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

THE REUNION.

PROGRAMME.

SECOND DAY—THURSDAY, AUGUST 5.

New Academy Building, 2.00 o'clock.

Dedication of the new School Building.

Music.

Prayer Rev. C. L. Skinner

Music.

Address, "The Church and The School" Rev. Wm. R. Webster

Dedicatory Address Hon. Samuel B. Page

Music.

Short Speeches.

Music.

Benediction.

Pearson Hall, 7.30 o'clock.

Music.

Reminiscences.

Song *Selected*
Mrs. Margaret L. Hibbard.

Poem Rev. James McLaren

Music.

Reception.

THE LAST STONE

by J. M. COLE

Author of "The Last Stone"

and "The Last Stone"

and "The Last Stone"

and "The Last Stone"

and "The Last Stone"

and "The Last Stone"

and "The Last Stone"

and "The Last Stone"

and "The Last Stone"

and "The Last Stone"

and "The Last Stone"

and "The Last Stone"

and "The Last Stone"

and "The Last Stone"

and "The Last Stone"

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and "The Last Stone"

THE REUNION.

Thursday, August 5th, the second day of the exercises, which was to witness also the dedication of the new building, was ushered in by a cloudless sky and delightful temperature, which continued throughout the day; in fact, during the whole of reunion week, Nature seemed to vie with the town's people to make the entire affair one of brightness and complete enjoyment. As it was intended the forenoon should be given up to social enjoyments, there were no exercises, and the time was spent by the visitors in going once again over the old familiar drives and walks, and calling on old-time friends. This social part of the reunion was one of its pleasantest features, and was as thoroughly enjoyed by the "home folks" as by those who were made the recipients of cordial hospitality.

When the hour for the dedication of the new building arrived, 2:30 p. m., the upper rooms of the building were crowded to their utmost capacity; not only was standing room taken, but the adjoining halls were filled as well.

The Rev. C. L. Skinner, pastor of the Congregational church, opened the exercises with prayer, after which Dr. S. P. Carbee, president of the board of trustees, took charge of the programme, by making a few appropriate remarks and introducing the Rev. W. R. Webster, who held the close attention of the audience for thirty minutes by a most scholarly and finished essay on "The Church and The School." A larger part of this essay will be found elsewhere, and we regret that by reason of limited space we are unable to give it in its entirety.

Mr. Webster was followed by Hon. Samuel B. Page with the dedicatory address, which held the audience spellbound and was all too short. Mr. Page is an eloquent and magnetic speaker, and has the rare faculty of putting himself in close touch with his audience at the very start.

After the address, President Carbee called on some of the prominent alumni present, and interesting and fitting responses were made by Rev. C. H. Merrill, Judge Sylvester Dana, Hon.

THE HISTORY

OF THE

REIGN OF THE GREAT MONARCH, CHARLES THE FIRST, IN THE
 SIXTEENTH CENTURY. BY JOHN HALLAM, ESQ. OF THE
 INNER TEMPLE, ESQ. OF THE BAR, AND OF THE
 HOUSE OF COMMONS. IN TWO VOLUMES. THE FIRST
 VOLUME. LONDON: PRINTED BY J. STURGEON, AT THE
 SIGN OF THE SHIELD, IN ST. MARTIN'S LANE, NEAR
 ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH. 1805.

THE SECOND VOLUME. LONDON: PRINTED BY J. STURGEON, AT THE
 SIGN OF THE SHIELD, IN ST. MARTIN'S LANE, NEAR
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 ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH. 1805.

L. D. Stevens; and Mr. James H. Pearson. They offered interesting reminiscences of their school-days in the old academy, and expressed the greatest confidence in, and warmest good wishes for, the prosperity of that time-honored institution in its fresh start.

Seven-thirty o'clock, Friday evening, ushered in the "beginning of the end." Again an immense audience thronged the Congregational church. "Reminiscences," written by Hon. Arthur Livermore of Manchester, Eng., were read by Miss Katherine Morse.

Miss Susie Child recalled, in a few very fitting words, Haverhill academy under the principalship of J. H. Dunbar, in the early eighties, paying glowing but just tribute, to his remarkable qualities as a teacher, and expressing her gratitude to the trustees and townspeople for their interest in the academy and students of those days.

A very interesting sketch of Prof. Edwin A. Charlton, by Huntington Porter Smith, was read by Mrs. C. H. Morrill, and a number of enjoyable letters from absent alumni, by Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. C. H. Morrill, in a manner which did full justice to their excellence and commanded the closest attention.

Songs were rendered by Mrs. Margaret Laurie Hibbard and Mrs. Anna Dickerman Davis, which added largely to the enjoyment of the programme.

A poem by Rev. James McLaren was very beautifully read by Miss Mary Louise Poor, and made a most pleasing impression.

The exercises in the church were then closed with the singing of a parting hymn, written by F. P. Batchelder, and rendered by a double quartette.

The audience then adjourned to Pearson Hall for an informal reception. Refreshments were served in the upper rooms of the building, and the remainder of the evening was passed most pleasantly.

About 10 o'clock, the younger element repaired to the new school building, with the orchestra, where two delightful hours were passed in a little dancing.

This proved a happy closing to the reunion, which all united

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in declaring an unqualified success from beginning to end. Many were the regrets expressed that the end came so quickly, and many among the old students did not hesitate in stating that the two days, flown so quickly by, comprised one of the pleasantest events in their lives—"red letter" days, whose memory would be an increasing pleasure through the coming years.

LETTER FROM JUDGE NOAH DAVIS, UNITED
STATES SUPREME COURT.

PONTIAC HILLS, N. Y.,

June 29, 1897.

To the Honorable Board of Trustees of Haverhill Academy:

GENTLEMEN: I am grateful for the kind remembrance which your invitation imports, and I would gladly accept it if the condition of my health and other circumstances permitted.

There is little or no prospect of my being able to make a journey to Haverhill at the time named, even if I were free to do so. Several months ago, I accepted a similar invitation to attend the semi-centennial celebration of the Academy of Albion, in Watertown, N. Y. (where I used to reside), at about the same time as yours is to occur. If my health permits, I must go there. It will be quite impracticable to attend both, even in these days of steam and electricity. I recollect I was more than a fortnight once in making the journey between the two places. I carried then on my young brain a photograph of beautiful Haverhill which has never faded away.

A few years ago (the year before the house in which I was born was burned down), I visited Haverhill. I found my photograph almost a perfect one. It would not be so now, as you have placed on the site of that house your new academical building. I fancy this is the loveliest site in your village, with an outlook of marvellous beauty, and I feel a sense of pride in the thought that New Hampshire may hereafter send forth from the schools of the new academy many men and women fully able to main-



REV. WILLIAM R. WEBSTER.



—Portrait of the subject—

tain the reputation for virtue, truth, justice, liberty, and law which in her past history has been her crowning glory.

Sincerely regretting that I cannot promise to come to your reunion, I shall always be

Your grateful friend,

NOAH DAVIS.

S. P. CARBEE, *President.*

TYLER WESTGATE, *Secretary.*

THE CHURCH AND THE SCHOOL AS THE CHIEF ORGANIZING FORCES OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

REV. WILLIAM R. WEBSTER.

The foundation of character is in the home. Character is what we are. When the united head are at once king and queen, priest and priestess in their own household, when love is the bond of union, and the law of love the rule of conduct, when purity is the guardian of peace, when the daily repasts are partaken with thankfulness and sanctified with the word of God and prayer; in such homes we see something of Eden restored, and there some of the fruits and flowers of Eden may be expected to grow.

After many years residence in this republic people are unwilling to live in a monarchy; some say that it would kill them. We are glad we have no royalty and no aristocracy; we have no use for them. The only lord that ever came to this country, that is to stay, was Lord Cornwallis. Washington relieved him of his sword, and no one has come here since to claim it. It does not require a title to denote the nobleman. But if the town of Haverhill had such titles to bestow, we should be glad to-day to recognize our noble benefactor, James H. Pearson, Esq., for his generous contributions to the place of his nativity, in restoring and adapting the old academy building to meet the intellectual and social wants of the people, and we will cherish the memory of the departed Samuel F. South-

ard, Esq., whose liberal bequest created the possibilities of this splendid structure to be now dedicated as a temple of science.

The historian records that "he was a citizen of sterling worth, kind and generous feelings, frank and manly bearing. He enjoyed the friendship and esteem of the leading men of this section, and he was a representative farmer of Grafton county. Socially he was plain and unpretending. He had an active, keen, inquiring mind, a clear and retentive memory." He was an attentive student and a true lover of nature; a devoted friend of the church and the school.

The examples of the good never die; they are as immortal as the minds they impress, as the events and interests they influence.

The church is the great quickener of the intellect of man more than any other power on earth. I do not forget that we live in this age of science and philosophy and newspapers, and the general diffusion of knowledge everywhere; but the masses of men, in this day of general intelligence, are more largely beholden to the pulpit and to the church for their intellectual awakening than to all other sources combined.

Not only in this but in every moral reform, popular enthusiasm, newspaper advocacy, appeals of voluntary associations must be supported by the enlightened conscience of the nation, and now everywhere the nation is girding itself to wrestle with the Hydra. The struggle is on, and never shall we have temperance and righteousness and peace in the land with this Hydra scotched and throttled and dead, until the enlightened conscience of the nation embodied in the church and the school, rises and decrees it. We have entered upon a new era in intellectual activity, and have new duties. There never were before so many heads at work in any nation as in this American nation. Reading, thinking, planning, speculating on all subjects, investigating, questioning are the common occupations of the great majority. Think of the printed pages that would carpet every street and highway in all the land every month in the year.

Count the hundreds of thousands of libraries, public and private, with literally tens of millions of volumes within hand

reach of our gréat people. Enumerate the common schools that stand like endless armies of veterans around every city and town and hamlet. Passing up and down these long lines you can see the high schools, academies, seminaries and colleges; the line of officers who direct and inspire these vast hosts; while here and there on the summits of society stand the grand commanders, the universities, who plan the campaign and issue the orders for moving forward and onward. Glance at the United States school forces. Let your mind take in of this vast elevating system the single item of teachers; 439,151 trained, qualified men and women, who have passed examinations more or less thorough in quite a large range of preparatory work. Neither Rome, nor Egypt, nor Greece in all the glory of their wisdom could furnish a single sage or philosopher who could pass the simplest examination to which these teachers have been subjected. What a host! 439,151. More than ten times as many as there were citizens of Athens when she ruled Greece and dictated laws to mankind! Must they not be enrolled among the ruling forces of the nation? More than thirty times the number of the immortal legion that, under Xenophon, cut its way through a continent of barbarians. Is it too much to expect them to help mightily in cutting away through the continents of ignorance that accumulate on our shores? More than twelve times as many as there were soldiers in the army of Hannibal when he slid down the sides of the Alps into the plains of Italy and made Rome shiver with mortal fear? May we not confidently hope that this host of teachers will make Rome shiver again? More than fifty times as many as there were soldiers that followed Caesar over the Rubicon to the conquest of the world. Surely these trained legions must be counted in the rugged business of widening and strengthening the empire of thought in the civilization of the world.

Now, turn with me, for a moment, from this brilliant, resistless force, and run your thoughts along the endless lines of enrolled pupils in the schools of the republic. There they are, 16,100,000. No finite mind can measure it. Five times as many as there were inhabitants in the thirteen colonies, when our fathers won liberty for mankind on the fields from Lexing-

ton to Yorktown. Standing in this presence nothing is impossible for liberty, for order, for civilization.

The necessity of education is grounded in considerations that must commend themselves not only to the statesman, but to the citizen of average patriotism and wisdom, and should lead to co-operation for the accomplishment of the end in view.

The government should not ally itself with the church in the sense of establishing a national church, or of uniting church and state; but it should remember that without the church it would not survive a decade, and regulate itself accordingly. Religious education, comprising the daily reading of the Bible in the schools, and daily prayer to Almighty God, and instruction in the moral virtues, and in the results of viciousness, should be ordained by law and enforced all over the land. It is time to return to the practice of the patriots of other days, and give religion the right of way in the government, in the schools, and among the people.

We make no war upon churches or religious convictions. Every man has a right to be a Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, Congregationalist, or Methodist. But palsied be the hand raised to strike at, or the tongue moved to declare against, our American institutions. We cannot tolerate sectional feeling in this country. The flag must be the emblem of liberty, equal rights, and national unity to every man everywhere. A star for every state and a state for every star. I hope the day will speedily come when no other flag can, with safety, be unfurled on these shores. Let the stars and stripes float on all occasions and for all interests from sea to sea.

Fellow citizens, what a privilege to have a hand in moulding the institutions of to-day. Is it not an ambition worthy of the immortals to build our lives into such a structure, which is not a tomb for the dead but a temple for the living? Let us emulate the patience of God, and do our work at our best—bring to perfection whatever we have in our pattern, whether it be the broad name of the king himself emblazoned over the great dome, or only some hidden lily of the valley in some obscure place, and we shall be rewarded by him who guides not only the leaping lightning to its mark, but also the timid dove to her nest.

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HON. SAMUEL B. PAGE.



JOHN W. BROWN

DEDICATORY ADDRESS.

HON. S. B. PAGE, LL. D.

MY FRIENDS: I heartily thank you for this warm reception. Yesterday you were gathered here to "ring out the old"; to-day, under like smiling skies, you have assembled to "ring in the new." Then you revelled in the rich memories of the past; now you interchange congratulations as you prefigure the glorious promise of the future. The old academy, your *Alma Mater*, herself arrayed in new and grand apparel, stands a witness to the dedication of her beautiful daughter,—strong in her youth and peerless in her loveliness—as she starts upon her century of devotion to the cause of liberal and enlightened education.

The history of the foundation of our New England academies begins early. Fresh from their enforced sojourn in the "Low Countries," the Pilgrims brought to this newly-discovered continent something of the spirit of the schools of Holland,—certainly it was not of Britain—and from the very cabin of the *Mayflower* dates the establishment of institutions for the liberal education of the prospective nation.

After providing a place of public worship, the next step was the building of the school-house, and then, in their order and in quick succession, the high school and the college. In due time, as the colonists extended their borders and planted sparse and scattered settlements in the wilderness, these remoter and poorer communities, finding themselves unable to maintain public high schools, but possessed of a fervid desire for greater educational privileges, evolved the idea of founding in central localities a class of schools of which Haverhill academy was a type, to which young men and women from a score of outlying towns might come and fit themselves for college or the pro-

fessions, or for a keener and healthier appreciation of the duties and enjoyments of every-day life,—in the store or shop, in the field or by the hearthstone.

In many instances then, as now, the establishment of these institutions was made possible, or furthered, by private beneficence; indeed, nearly all our New Hampshire academies received endowments from some private source at the very outset, and many of them still bear the honored name of their patron.

I cannot fail here to call your attention to the animating spirit that created and maintained these schools. It was that of the largest liberality consistent with good order and morality. The purpose to be attained was instruction and mental development; not mere pedagogy. The widest liberty of thought and opinion was encouraged. The pupils were to be fitted for kings and queens of a republic, and self-reliance and independent thought are the attributes of royalty. The voice of John Robinson, declaring, that "Not unto Calvin, nor unto Luther, nor unto any other man, hath God revealed *all* his truth," was constantly sounding in the ears of teacher and scholar alike, and the fact recognized that new truths are daily revealed in the growing development of civilization.

But as "New times demand new manners and new men," so new educational methods and means are developed by changed conditions, and nearly all of our old academies in New Hampshire have anticipated you in the step you take to-day. The demand of this generation is free education, placed equally within the reach of the laborer's child and the heir of a fortune. All God's children are of equal stature in His kingdom; so are they all sons and daughters of this great republic, and entitled to an equal share in a common heritage.

A year or two ago,—in the heat of a partisan conflict, to be sure, but in the quiet conclave of a house of Protestant bishops, where none but words of truth and soberness are supposed to be spoken—a Western bishop enunciated the startling proposition that the safety of republican institutions was imperilled by the over-education of the working men and women of the land; that they were in danger of knowing too much; that for them

"ignorance was bliss;" that for them, *not a little*, but *much*, knowledge was a dangerous thing; and that in a state of comparative ignorance they were far more likely to be "content in that state of life" to which they were called. Such doctrines might meet the approval of a hierarchy, an autocrat, or fit into an aristocratic government; but in a republic they are more incendiary than the utterances of Louise Michel or Herr Most.

From the bosom—out of the great heart of the common people reared in free schools; from the little red school-house upon the hillside; from our country academies and colleges—have sprung the men and women who have been the pride and glory—yea, the salvation—of this republic. Looking in the faces of the great heroes and statesmen of this nation,—whether in those earlier days that tried men's souls, in which this people were made free, or in these later days, when through travail of blood and suffering we built up anew the walls of our temple—and contemplating their nobility of soul and patriotic devotion and self-sacrifice, this learned bishop must stand awed and dumb-stricken in his presumption.

But I am presuming upon your patience. Wearing your ribbon of honor, an alumnus by brevet, I must not prove ungrateful and abuse my privilege. Before I close, however, I must pay a tribute of respect, in loving memory, to the noble yeoman whose generous heart dictated the gift that made the erection of this elegant building possible, and thereby gave a new lease of life to this honored institution. The name of Samuel F. Southard will be forever graven upon the tablets of your hearts and the hearts of your children, and all who in the years coming shall enjoy the fruits of his wise and timely benefaction. His, a typical New England life and manhood; his, a heart of oak, yet, withal, tender as a woman's! "Generations yet unborn shall rise up and bless him."

And to your brother alumnus whose open and unsparing hand has so tastefully and completely renovated and equipped the elder building,—well, I think he already has his reward. In conferring so much pleasure upon others, he is, if I can read his countenance aright, already enrolled among the "thrice blessed." I must insist, however, that such completeness and

nicety of detail could hardly have been attained by him, with all his inspiration of love for his old school and town, unaided. I think I see in it, also, the deft hand and loving heart of a woman.

And, now, we dedicate this building to the uses for which it was designed. It will soon open its doors under the happiest auspices. Supported upon the either hand by the board of trustees and the town board of education, it only requires, to ensure a successful existence, the sympathy and support of the citizens of this village. My friends, open your arms, open your hearts, open the doors of your houses, open the blinds that now darken your parlors and chambers; let in the sunlight, let in the boys and girls; it will warm you up, revivify you, and lengthen your days! And after a year brightened by young faces and enlivened by youthful voices, you will even more deeply and sincerely thank God that he put it into the hearts of Southard and Pearson to do this good work in your midst.



...and the

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CONNECTICUT RIVER FROM HAVERHILL, LOOKING TOWARD BRADFORD, VT.





SUSAN WADE CHILD.

Was born at Bath, N. H., December 4, 1835. Attended Haverhill Academy in 1851-52. Graduated from Wellesley College in 1860. She has since taught four years in the Clara Conway Institute, Memphis, Tennessee, one of the leading schools for young ladies in the South, and two years in the High School at Canton, N. Y. She is at present a teacher of Greek and Latin in the Classical High School of Lynn, Mass. In June, 1867, she received from Wellesley College the degree of Master of Arts for advanced work in Greek.

REMINISCENCES.

SUSAN WADE CHILD.

MR. PRESIDENT, TRUSTEES AND FRIENDS:—Such rich harvests from the fields of reminiscence have been placed before you that there is little need of another handful. Yet as one of those who shared its advantages in the early years of the revived Academy, it is a pleasure to pay tribute to it for myself and my companions of those days.

The distinguished gentlemen who have so ably portrayed the Academy of older days have given us a fresh appreciation of our inheritance, and a keener realization that we must indeed do well if we would keep green the laurels won for Haverhill Academy by its students of former years.

I am sure I voice the sentiments of all who were pupils of the Academy in the eighties, when I testify to the efficiency, generosity, and never failing interest of its board of trustees during those years, and the thoroughness of work done in the Academy.

We have complete proof of the ability and faithfulness of the four gentlemen who served as principals from 1880-90. All who were students of the man who held that position first, after the new Academy threw open its doors, Mr. J. H. Dymbar, must have listened with pleasure to the tribute paid him by the historian last evening. Those who have since had intimate acquaintance with educational institutions of the best kind, are glad to testify to his remarkable powers as a scholar and instructor.

MEMOIR

OF

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In obtaining hard work from his pupils, and in imparting knowledge forcibly for permanent retention, he was unsurpassed. He did not bestow upon his classes milk for babes, but the strong meat that stood by his scholars in after years, in college, in business, and in professional life.

But due tribute should also be paid to his able assistant, Miss Grace Woodward, whose presence at this reunion has given the scholars of that time so much pleasure.

She was a remarkably good teacher, a firm, but gentle disciplinarian, and a kind friend to all her pupils. She did much to make the inner machinery of the school run smoothly and without friction.

Good trustees, good teachers, and, as we considered them, a sufficiently good school building and school equipments, in expressing our thanks for these is not our debt of gratitude paid? No, it must reach out further than this, to the citizens of Haverhill Corner, who, by their interest in the school, their cordial and never failing hospitality, their unselfishness, and their sympathy with teachers and pupils, made the years of our school life furnish us with the pleasantest recollections of a lifetime.

The same ladies, whose forethought, public spirit, and enterprise have been visible for the past two days, extended us a welcome, and not the least among the pleasures of a return to Haverhill is the privilege of grasping them by the hand and calling them friends.

Trustees, citizens, friends, one and all, we bid you Godspeed for the future, assuring you not once but many times that never

“Shall auld acquaintance be forgot.”

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Arthur Livermore, son of the late Hon. Arthur Livermore of Holderness, N. H., was born in Lowell, Mass., in 1810. He attended Haverhill Academy from December, 1819, to September, 1821, and from the latter date to the autumn of 1824,

intermittently. • He graduated at Dartmouth college in 1829, and was admitted to the bar in 1833. He was appointed consul, during the administration of President Pierce, to Londonderry, Ireland, which honorable position he held for several administrations. His present address is, Brampton House, Manchester, England.

REMINISCENCES.

HON. ARTHUR LIVERMORE.

Eighty-seven winters have made me distrustful of the accuracy of my memory, and charitable towards those who may feel obliged to be even more distrustful. But I am disposed to trust myself as far as this, that I shall not misrepresent the general lines of the subject matter of my reminiscences, and if the children of those whom I shall have occasion to mention, shall feel aggrieved by what I have to say, I must ask them to think of the unfortunate limner, who was required to paint the portrait of his patron without shadow, but beaming with absolute light. The good man did not know that form could not be represented without shadow, and that due mixture of light and shade was absolutely necessary to establish the individuality of the picture, or distinguish it from one of the man in the moon.

On the 24th of December, 1819, I was brought with my younger brother from my father's house in Holderness, distant thirty miles, over rough, frozen ground in an open wagon, in charge of a kind neighbor, Capt. Robert Cox, consuming every minute of that short day in the passage, and in tears and suffering from the intense cold, to the house of our grandmother, Mrs. Bliss. On the Monday following we entered Haverhill Academy. My father had written from Washington to his friend, Dr. Ezra Bartlett, to instruct the preceptor of that school to fit us both for college. I then wanted a few days of being nine years old, and my brother was near two years younger. But my grandmother deemed the instructions of

Dr. Bartlett inadequate for so grave an occasion, and that they might be improved and enforced by exhortation and suggestion from herself. At her request, therefore, the preceptor called on his way to school, and kindly received those suggestions, and did not resent the dear old lady's intimation that the care of a thing so precious as a grandson of her's would be a heavy burden upon his shoulders, as it was also an honor bestowed upon himself.

The preceptor was Jesse Kimball, of the graduating class of 1819 at Dartmouth college. In person, lithe and active, commonly pacing the school-room, a book in one hand and a ruler in the other, while he listened to the recitations of the scholars, or questioned, or explained, which he commonly did with gaiety, and often with loud mirth. He cheered us with flattery, or terrified delinquents by his frown, binding us all to himself, as to our best friend. I had never a question of his being the best manager of boys and young men I have ever known.

He was assisted in the summer by Miss Ruth Morse, of the Lebanon family of that name, a bright and beautiful young lady. They came and went always arm in arm, as was the fashion of the day.

The following were, according to my best memory, among the students of the Academy, under Mr. Kimball; but it is possible that some few of them did not appear till Mr. Porter's year:

Andrew S. Wood, chief justice of New Hampshire.

Dr. Hibbard, of Lisbon.

Levi Bartlett, who practised medicine in the interior of New York.

Horace N. Soher, a lawyer in that state.

Robert Stevens, of East Haverhill or Piermont, a lawyer in the same state.

Everett Wheeler, of Orford, who died in New York city perhaps twenty years ago.

Warren D. Gookin, of Haverhill, whose varied adventures and fortune might pass for romantic fiction. He died in New York.

Samuel A. Burus, of Rumney, who died in Plymouth, having

passed the most of his life in teaching in Charleston, South Carolina.

Benjamin W. Bonny, from Littleton, who became a lawyer of distinction in New York.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all was Nathan Clifford from Rumney. He paid his way by doing work in Mr. Nelson's family, studied law with Mr. Quincy, opened an office in Maine, was early elected a representative to the legislature of that state, canvassed with success for the speakership, and thence proceeded through many honors to the supreme bench of the United States, where he bore the character of an upright judge, an able jurist, and a public man of most courteous and winning manners.

There were David Clough Webster and Walter Russell, both from Plymouth, John Poor of Landaff, and many others who were prepared at that school for the respectable lives they led. And there were a few dunces. One of them produced a composition in the following words:

“On Arithmetic.”

“Arithmetic is a very good thing *indeed*. If one does not study Arithmetic he will get cheated out of his wits. But if one studies Arithmetic, he will not get cheated out of his wits.”

There was a small group of sweet girls, about my own age, attending the Academy. It is painful to think how many of them died early, whatever one may think of the value of extended life. Among these were Emily Towle, Eliza Woodward, Harriet Merrill, and Mary and Sarah Bartlett. Their varied charms distracted me, and I addressed to them in turn rhymes most archaic in structure and in sentiment, if not original, yet consecrated by the tradition of lovers from the days of Eden. These children read “The Sorrows of Werther,” “Charlotte Temple,” and similar records of fictitious love and disappointment, and they told how they wept over them; and when I defied their pathos, and for a test read one of them without a tear, I was denounced as a “hard-hearted wretch.” It seems now rather remarkable that children so young were reading the Waverley novels, at that time coming out in rapid

succession, yet such was unquestionably the fact; for I remember their quotations of those books.

My grandmother, whose house became my home for several years, was the widow of Capt. Joseph Bliss, of the Massachusetts line in the Continental army, who, at the conclusion of the Revolutionary war, retired to this frontier, and addressed himself to the pursuits that seemed to give best promise of a living. In short, he kept an inn and a shop for the retail of varieties. To this latter branch his widow succeeded, and having disposed of its grosser part, continued while she lived to deal in ladies' wares with fair success.

Among the earliest results of my observation of these surroundings was the discovery of a system of religious form, dogma and sentiment, differing in various subtle aspects from the impassioned usages and thoughts in which I had been feebly trained. I certainly was amazed that no one in Haverhill seemed to recognize Christmas as a holy festival, and the boys even did not know that it entitled them to gifts, to plum pudding, and exemption from the tasks of school. I found, on the other hand, that religion, in thought and in action, was the very nerve of the social life of the place; that it was spread over the entire week, and not focussed upon the Sunday, although strongly accented on that holy day, and made to shine by means of three solemn meetings and a Sunday-school. It is a benediction to remember in this connection the dear, saintly Mrs. Peabody Webster, so true in friendship, so gentle in manners, and so thoroughly conscientious in every act and in every forbearance. At the first shadow of each Sunday evening, she might have been seen with a candle on a brass candle stick, on her way to the "conference," as the third meeting was then termed. It was so announced from the pulpit, to be held "at the school-house at early candle lighting."

But my earliest idea of eloquence was derived from the sermons of the Rev. Mr. Blake of Piermont, who certainly possessed that gift. His discourses were extemporaneous. He began in a low tone, dropping word after word at long intervals, in a manner that attracted the anxious attention of the listener, while he seemed to be searching for the thoughts that never

failed eventually to come with burning effect, and for the rhapsody that in due season arrived, and carried away the preacher and his congregation with a tempestuous force, that was in strong contrast with the dull proprieties of the contemporary pulpit. It is said that he concluded his funeral sermon on Emily Towle by reciting the Soliloquy of Cato, in Addison's tragedy.

The house at the south end of the common, which for more than 20 years was the residence of Mr. Bell, was in 1820 occupied by Mr. George Woodward, assistant clerk of the superior court. He was a man of rare refinement, and of manners most courteous and gentlemanly. He was very fond of music, and seemed disposed to extend its harmonies into all his relations.

The two physicians were Ezra Bartlett, who had political aspirations, dressed well, and had a gentlemanly air; and Edmund Carleton, a deacon, who was an ardent minister of calomel, then a recent invention. He wore a queue.

Imprisonment was then a legal remedy for debts as small as \$6.66. But the liberty of the jail-yard, embracing all the grounds within half a mile, could be had by giving security to keep within it.

Ephraim Kingsbury was register of deeds, and Moses Dow of probate; and both had held office so long that it was not easy to imagine others in their places. Dow was in person stout, and in movement slow, and would sit for hours so still that he seemed to be asleep.

Kingsbury was of comely proportions; his pale face denoted refinement, reserve, and the infirm health that made him irritable. I remember him and his cleanly office, redolent of paper, and of the folios that covered the walls, and its temperature regulated with the care demanded by the precarious conditions of his health.

The lawyers were Nelson, a man of well-known probity and a safe counsellor. But he was slow of speech and was not often heard in court. Sloan saw his way to the wealth he coveted. He was of a cheerful mind, well stored with anecdote and other material of free and easy conversation. Bell, in the

course of eight or nine years of practice had gained the highest rank of his profession.

Sylvester T. Goss, about the year 1820, set up his "Book and Stationery Store" and "Printing Office" and began the issue of his weekly paper of many *names*. A copy of the paper and the printing press that produced it might at this day hold doubtful contest for supremacy as a curiosity.

In the autumn of 1820, Mr. Porter succeeded Kimball as preceptor. He was a man of preternatural inactivity. He sat in his chair tilted back through the hours of the school, a silent listener to the recitations, and I cannot remember an event of his year in school except that on one occasion he stopped in his prayer to cry out to Oliver Kingsbury to "be still," and on another, he shook Josiah Nelson for not *casting out the nines*. He was succeeded, at the end of the year, by Mr. Andrew Mack, whose incumbency extended to a time so recent, that my reminiscences could probably add nothing to what many others remember concerning him. I shall therefore limit myself to one anecdote, which seems to indicate somewhat of an opinion that prevailed at the time, and was shared by him. He called me to his desk one day, and asked me if I was at a "dance" on an evening named. I replied that I was; and explained that it was a dancing school kept by Mr. Pushee. "Does your father know that you attend that school?" "Certainly," said I, "I do so by his express direction." After a brief silence he replied in a most plaintive tone, "Sad affair! Sad affair! You may return to your seat."

The only pianoforte I ever saw in Haverhill was at Dr. Bartlett's, although I have a faint impression that there was one at Mr. Dow's, and another at General Montgomery's. The absence of such instruments, however, was not a grave privation, for secular music was limited to a few twiddling songs like "The Campbells Are Coming" and "I Won't Be a Nun," and was far from edifying. Sacred music was taught by Gordon Webster (who also taught the district school during college vacations) and was performed after a fashion at meeting on Sundays. Ben Coon beat the drum, and Levi Bartlett played the flute; and on summer evenings often attracted a throng of

about the living conditions of the poor people in the
country.

The first part of the book is devoted to the study of the
social conditions of the poor people in the country. The author
describes the living conditions of the poor people in the country
and the social conditions of the poor people in the country.

The second part of the book is devoted to the study of the
social conditions of the poor people in the country. The author
describes the living conditions of the poor people in the country
and the social conditions of the poor people in the country.

The third part of the book is devoted to the study of the
social conditions of the poor people in the country. The author
describes the living conditions of the poor people in the country
and the social conditions of the poor people in the country.

The fourth part of the book is devoted to the study of the
social conditions of the poor people in the country. The author
describes the living conditions of the poor people in the country
and the social conditions of the poor people in the country.

The fifth part of the book is devoted to the study of the
social conditions of the poor people in the country. The author
describes the living conditions of the poor people in the country
and the social conditions of the poor people in the country.

The sixth part of the book is devoted to the study of the
social conditions of the poor people in the country. The author
describes the living conditions of the poor people in the country
and the social conditions of the poor people in the country.

The seventh part of the book is devoted to the study of the
social conditions of the poor people in the country. The author
describes the living conditions of the poor people in the country
and the social conditions of the poor people in the country.

boys and idle men to follow them in martial form about the common.

The dandy in 1820 wore his trousers very short and very large. His hair was cut "pumpkin-shell," but this fashion was followed at a distance by less advanced beaux, who made their forelocks erect themselves like the flames of candles, while their side locks were curled round the finger or other thing to give them shape. Pomatum or tallow was copiously applied to preserve those desirable forms. Your ladies of fashion wore a hat of straw, with the back half of its broad brim cut away, leaving the front half to project, and, being tied down at the corners, to create a shadow that was certainly as becoming as the modern display of unshaded beauty. Short dresses came in later, awaiting, perhaps, the epoch of the fair ankles they revealed. High heels were desired by the fair creatures, and indulged in by such as did not fear the stern rebuke of my grand-mother, who averred that they were incompatible with a graceful walk, and were of themselves an atrocious deformity. She dealt only in such shoes as were without heels.

I very much fear that these recollections may appear for those whose amusement they are recorded, to be too frivolous to be offered for that purpose. And yet so nearly do I cherish the distant and receding images—that people, that time, and place—that if I could trust my small descriptive faculty, I should include in the picture gallery, the forms of many worthy persons whom I have not named. They served their generation in their respective vocations, as well as by their example of moderation in their desires, integrity in their dealings, in the sweet charities of neighborhood, and in the general reciprocity of benefits that dignify society, and endear its members to one another.



HUNTINGTON PORTER SMITH

Was born in Rye, N. H., Jan. 11, 1837. His father, Rev. Bezaiah Smith, was at that time pastor of the church there. Mr. Smith attended Haverhill Academy in the fall of 1854 with V. T. Hartshorne. These boys had a room fitted up for them at the head of the stairs in the old Academy building. Mr. Smith rang the bell and took care of the building for his room rent and tuition. He and Hartshorne were the only students from out of town that term. After teaching school two months at East Haverhill, he went to learn a business, and is now a successful wholesale woolen goods merchant in Boston.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF EDWIN A. CHARLTON.

H. PORTER SMITH.

"The self-made man is the best-made man because he is a God-made man." The self-made man finds his niche and fills it, which is the chief end of man. Such a man sees his calling, pursues it, and is successful in it. Happy the institution of learning that has this sort of a man at its head. Happy indeed the youth who comes under his care and training. A man of this sort was the principal here for a year, commencing September, 1854.

Prof. Edwin A. Charlton was born in Littleton, N. H., September 29th, 1828, and died, widely known and greatly beloved, in Brodhead, Wisconsin, November 14, 1896. His father had not large worldly possessions, and his son, like many a youth who has risen to distinction, must depend upon his own efforts for an education. The struggle was often hard and discouraging, but along the uneven way he found friends—in truth—made them. One of these friends was the Hon. Harry Bingham, under whom he prepared, in part, for college. He entered Dartmouth in 1850. Class honors were not in vogue in his day, but Mr. Charlton's record at graduation placed him among the first third in the class numbering fifty-seven.

My acquaintance with him commenced in the fall of 1853, his last year in college. Many years his junior, unlike him in all the graces of his symmetrical character, he gave me in my youth his invaluable friendship, and his interest in his old pupil



EDWIN A. CHARLTON.



JOHN A. BROWN

never grew dim, but rather brightened with the lapse of years. I came with him to this academy soon after his graduation, but could only remain through the fall term. There had been no school for some years.

Mr. Charlton had been warmly recommended to the trustees by such men as President Lord, Professor Putnam, and others for the position of principal. To awaken an interest in the school needed a man of marked ability. Judge Morrison and Deacon Merrill were on your board of trustees at that time. No better men could be found to make the selection; no better selection could have been made to revive and build up the school. Gentle in spirit, manly in bearing, a born instructor, he must have won the respect and love of every pupil. His discipline was mild but most effective. I well remember one of his reproofs. A youth of exuberant spirits, there was an overflow of it in the class one day. "Smith," said the principal, "you had better maintain your dignity." The words and the significant look took me by surprise. I did not then suppose that I had any dignity to maintain, and as I now look back through the vista of forty-three years I am quite sure that I had none. But the teacher made me feel that I had, that I was something more than a mere boy. He taught his scholars to respect themselves. They were made to feel that a transgression of the rules rebounded to their injury, sure to hurt them more than any one else. But he had in full measure "sweet charity, that plant divinely nursed." Abundant reason has he who prepares this brief sketch of a beloved teacher, to say this. I recall his devout spirit at the morning prayer, which impressed more than would appear on the surface, those who apparently were indifferent to religious things. As an instructor and writer he was clear, concise, and inspiring. While here he prepared a book entitled, "New Hampshire as It Is." It was published by Tracy & Sanborn of Claremont, and met with good success. He left here to take charge of the academy at Gilmanston, N. H. In 1857 he was called to Lockport, N. Y., to take the principalship of the Union school. Here he remained four years, teaching with marked success. From this position he was called to the vice-principalship of the Union

school of Schenectady, N. Y., where he remained until the summer of 1862. In March of this year he was married to Ellen Elizabeth, daughter of Judge Alfred Holmes, of Lockport, N. Y., and in the fall returned to Gilmanton to again resume the duties of preceptor of the academy. However, he remained only one year; the board of education of Schenectady offering him the place of city superintendent of schools, he returned to that city and resided there for five years. Receiving an urgent call to come to Auburn, N. Y., as city superintendent of schools and principal of the high school, he accepted it, but the climate did not agree with him, and after two years of successful and agreeable work, he was peremptorily bidden by his physician to try another climate. Being invited to the presidency of the First State Normal school of Wisconsin, at Platteville, he resigned his position in Auburn, and went West in the fall of 1870. He remained in this school eight years and a term, when he permanently retired from the teacher's profession. In the spring of 1879, he purchased the *Brodhead Independent*, a weekly paper published at Brodhead, Wisconsin. Under his management this paper gained a large circulation and became a power for good. Though not engaged in the actual work of the schoolroom, Mr. Charlton did not lose his interest in education. How highly his work was estimated is shown by the fact that in 1884, his former pupils in the Normal school made him a life member of the National Educational association. Mr. Charlton was for many years an invalid, and mere living had for him no attraction, yet he bore life's burdens uncomplainingly and even cheerfully for others, and his only regret at parting was that he could no longer serve them.

These words are written of an old teacher in the full knowledge of his own modest estimate of himself. He would say of them as Holmes said on an occasion :

"In the tribute of the hour I see
Not what I am but what I ought to be."

These and words more fitting should be said of his gentleness, his gentle manliness, his unbending integrity, his fine literary taste, his regard for all that was lovely and of good

report. Quiet, patient, faithful at his post of duty, he has left us the rich legacy of a good name.

"Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly, true and kind;
But not around his honor'd urn
Do *nearest* friends and kindred mourn.
The many eyes his care hath dried
Pour at his name a bitter tide,
And oft shall fall the grateful dew
For benefits the world ne'er knew."



REV. JAMES A. McLAREN.

Born at Bay Fortune, Prince Edward Island, Sept. 26, 1864. Studied in Haverhill in '86 and '87. Graduated Bangor (Theological Seminary), '90. Studied at Andover, Mass., in '93. Pastor Central (Congregational) Church, Attleboro, Mass., and student in Brown University, '93 to '96. Studied in Yale '97, and the same year became pastor of the First Congregational Church, Racine, Wis., where he is now established.

HOMAGE TO OUR ALMA MATER.

JAMES A. McLAREN.

We gather in loving devotion,
Our fondest tribute to pay,
Our spirits thrill with emotion,
Upon this glad festival day.
All hail to our dear Alma Mater,
Thy century's crown is complete,
With love, that to none can be greater,
Our homage we lay at thy feet.

A century gone, with its changes,
Its conflicts, its trials, its strife;
With all that affection estranges,
Or dampens the ardor of life.
Yet thou livest—our precious Mother,
More glorious in modern attire,

With love that can flow from no other,
Thy children to bless and inspire.

We've heard thy sweet voice in the distance,
Like music inviting us home;
And in spite of all care and resistance,
Back to thee, dear Mother, we've come.
How oft 'mid the conflict so dreary,
We've longed for thy safety and rest;
Once more life seems glad, sweet, and cheery,
As we lay our tired heads on thy breast.

We entered thy portals in youth,
To be drilled for the battle of life;
Thou hast helped us in honor and truth,
To stand firm 'mid the conflict and strife.
For all that thy wisdom hath taught us,
Of science, and letters to know,
For all thy example hath wrought us,
Glad homage forever we owe.

We would not tell tales out of school,
Nor secrets that slumber divulge;
Nor do we at all as a rule,
In personal allusions indulge.

But some things are too sweet to forget,
And return with this glad festal day,
We think of them oft and regret,
That we cannot enjoy them for aye.

As jolly were teachers, as pupils,
When school hours were off, as you know;
They played tennis and ball without scruples,
And our champion batter was "Joe."
There were Millie and Mary and Mollie—
The sweetest I ever have seen;
George, Jimmy, and Johnny so jolly,
And helpful (?) to Principal Beau.

And the lads fell in love with the lasses,
With the blue eyes and sweet rosy cheeks;
How devotion increases in the classes,
Through the sweet Days and beautiful Weeks!
But somehow it vanished like mist,
And the boys were unable to pin it,
Like a blossom by sunbeams *once* kissed,
Though pupils and teachers were in it.

School love is a pretty romance,
But not so enduring as reckoned;
For the victim awakes from its trance
To the more lasting bliss of the second.
But while fate tears fond purpose asunder,
And youth's plans are broken and crossed,
'T is sweet, wherever we wander,
To recall that we 've loved, though we 've lost.

I remember the "Board," with its meetings
Always so harmonious and calm;

The kind words and friendly greetings
 Of Chapman and good "Doctor Sam."
 And to others, beloved and endeared
 To our hearts, I would love to refer,
 The venerable Spalding revered,
 The great-minded, good Bittinger.

Oh, still may the clear light of knowledge
 Be seen from sweet Haverhill afar;
 To illumine the pathway to college,
 To shine like some lovely star!
 Let the dark night of ignorance be brightened
 By the clear light of knowledge divine;
 Let the children of men be enlightened,
 That our country in beauty may shine.

For her teachers, so true, so kindhearted,
 Whose devotion we often recall,
 Who their best unto us have imparted,
 Our tears in silence oft fall.
 For her daughters, so sweet, so devoted;
 Her sons, so brave, loyal, and wise—
 The former for beauty so noted—
 Our prayers like sweet incense arise.

For the people, so true, that surround thee,
 By refinement and culture made great;
 For a century's treasures that crown thee—
 O prettiest spot in the state!
 We thank Thee, O glorious Giver!
 For all that Thy goodness imparts;
 Dear Haverhill's engraven forever
 On the tablet of all loving hearts.



THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
 FROM 1789 TO 1861
 BY JAMES M. SMITH
 NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., 15 N. 2ND ST.
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FRED P. BATCHELDER.

PARTING HYMN.

FRED P. BATCHELDER, CLASS OF 1882.

Schoolmates all, we're gathered here
to-day,

From afar gaily returning,

Heart for heart and hand clasp yearning,

Glad with hope we're gathered here
to-day.

Gathered all, gathered all,

From afar we're gathered all,

Gathered all, gathered all,

For it is our glad "reunion" day.

Fond recollections we brought to-day,

Lightly our hearts timed for singing,

Gaily, with youth's praises ringing,

Fond recollections we brought to-day.

Welcome all, welcome all,

To our feast we welcome all,

Welcome all, welcome all,

For it is our glad "reunion" day.

Mem'ries dearer will we carry away.

Lovingly hearts in us burning,

Sadly our steps backward turning,

Mem'ries dearer will we carry away.

Fare thee well, fare thee well,

Now we say our last "Farewell."

Fare thee well, fare thee well,

Father bless us as we say "Farewell."

Now lift up our hearts in grateful praise,

For the mountain and the meadow,

For life's sunshine and its shadow,

And the mem'ries of our old school days.

Alma Mater, fare thee well.

Alma Mater, loved and true,

Alma Mater, fare thee well,

May God ever bless both us and you!



MISS KATHERINE MORSE,
Chairman of the Town School Committee.

MISS MARY LOUISE POOR,
Recording Secretary.

GEORGE R. KIMBALL,
Marshal.

FRED ELLIOT JENKINS,
Baritone Singer.



Portrait of Mr. J. H. Smith, President of the Board of Directors, 1900.
Portrait of Mr. J. H. Smith, President of the Board of Directors, 1900.
Portrait of Mr. J. H. Smith, President of the Board of Directors, 1900.
Portrait of Mr. J. H. Smith, President of the Board of Directors, 1900.

PEARSON HALL.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF ITS HISTORY.

The early settlers of Haverhill were of the far-seeing, unselfish mould that characterized the founders of our Nation; not their own comforts and selfish interests, but the mental, moral,

and material advancement of their children and their Country received their first thought. They considered a liberal education of fundamental importance, and as soon as their own rough houses were completed, they turned their attention to the erection of a school-house.



PEARSON HALL.

The first building was a wooden one, erected in 1793, a little south of the present old academy building. The next year the school was incorporated as "Haverhill Academy." The free use of this building was allowed the court of sessions and court of common pleas for some years. In 1814, this building was destroyed by fire,

and the present brick building was erected under the supervision of Edmund Stevens, whose thorough workmanship and good taste are evidenced by the endurance and handsome architecture of the building that stands to-day, after eighty-three years, an ornament to the village.

From the time of its erection to the present year (1897), the

building underwent very few changes other than occasional repairs and slight alterations of the interior, to meet the requirements of the school in later years.

When it was decided, in 1896, to erect a new building for school purposes, the question arose as to the disposition of the old academy. At this time, Mr. J. H. Pearson of Chicago, a former townsman, came forward with an offer to repair the old building and put it in suitable shape for a village hall and library. The offer was gladly accepted and quickly carried out.

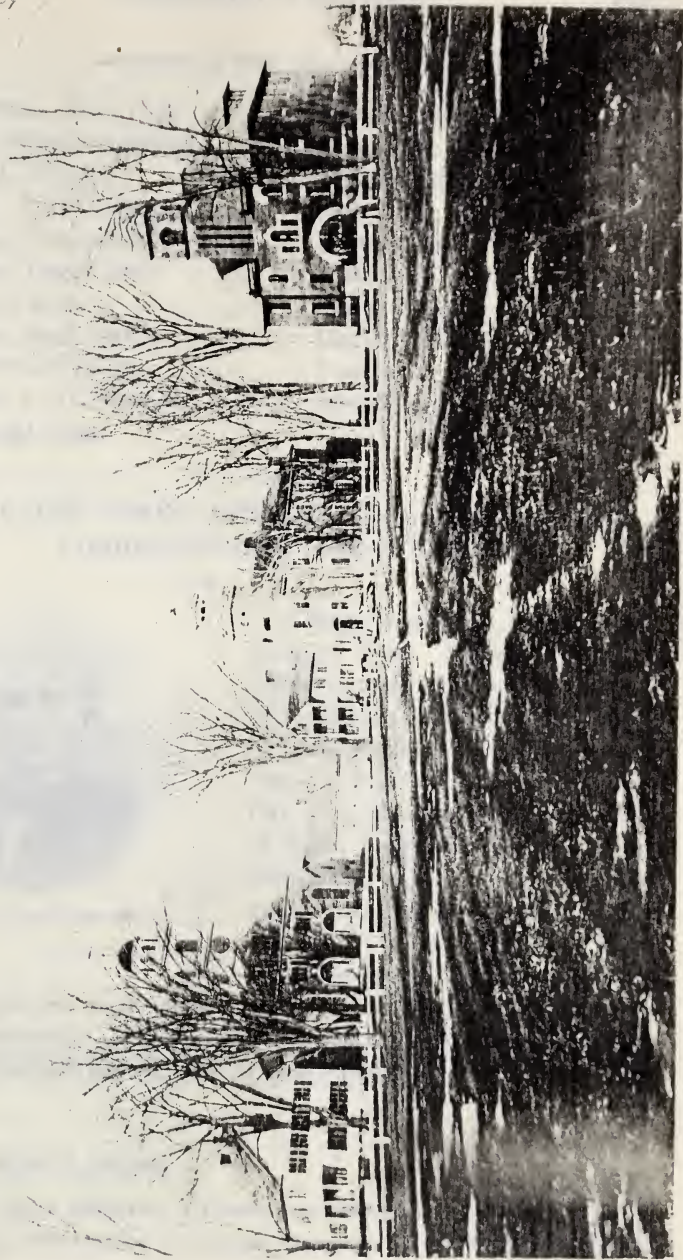
Mr. Pearson remodelled the interior of the building entirely, making a handsome and roomy village hall of the first floor, fitted with folding chairs, polished hard-wood floor, and convenient stage. At either end of the stage are stairways leading to dressing rooms above.

On the second floor, back, is a commodious kitchen, thoroughly equipped with stove, cooking utensils, dishes, table linen, etc. The left side of the second floor, running from the front hall to the kitchen, is a dining or banquet room, completely furnished, while the large room on the right side of the building is fitted up handsomely and appropriately with book cases, tables, roll-top desks, and other furniture, for a village library. On the beautifully frescoed walls hang portraits of noted men, and of many of Haverhill's prominent citizens of the past and present. The list of these pictures is given below, and it is hoped that others will be added from time to time.

At a meeting of the alumni of Haverhill academy, held August 4th, it was voted unanimously that the old academy should henceforth be known as "Pearson Hall," in recognition of Mr. Pearson's generous and deeply-appreciated gift to his old home.

The hall contains a few presents from other citizens, chief among them being a beautiful chandelier and set of bracket lamps, for the assembly room down stairs, from Amos Tarleton, Esq.

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CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, VESTRY,
AND PARSONAGE.

OLD ACADEMY.

HAVERHILL NORTH COMMON.

NEW ACADEMY.



PICTURES IN THE VILLAGE LIBRARY.

Ex-Gov. John Page.	Mrs. Augustus Whitney.
Dr. Phineas Spalding.	Hon. John R. Reding.
J. H. Pearson.	Timothy Blaisdell.
Rev. J. Q. Bittinger.	Dea. A. K. Merrill.
Judge Nathaniel Westgate.	Hosea Baker.
Hon. Joseph Bell.	Isaac Pike.
Jacob Bell.	James Brewer.
Hon. Noah Davis.	Daniel Webster.
Nathaniel Bailey.	Lincoln.
Hon. L. D. Stevens.	Washington.
Samm'l Page.	

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE
CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES.

WILLIAM LEARNED HINDS.

A large number of letters were received from former students, teachers, and old friends of Haverhill academy that could not well be read during the reunion exercises. We have decided, therefore, to publish extracts from many of these, believing they will be as interesting to the readers of this book—many of whom will discover old friends in the writers—as they were cheering and inspiring to those

by whom they were received in the days when the outcome of their efforts in behalf of the reunion was uncertain, and the temptation to become discouraged was strong.

Miss Mary J. Sterens:

MY DEAR MADAM: I thank you, though too tardily, for your note of invitation to a "grand reunion" of all the old students

and teachers of dear old Haverhill. I wish I could say that I would be there next August. It is almost forty-six years ago that I left my home in Haverhill, but I have not forgotten what a "charming place" it is, nor its "unsurpassed scenery," nor its "bracing air." I shall never cease to feel a deep interest in all that concerns the welfare of the old town, and I hope some day to show it to my children.

I hear of your enterprise in building a new academy. May all success attend every effort for the best welfare of the town. God bless my childhood's home!

I remain,

Yours most truly,

FRANCES NELSON HOOPER.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 24, 1897,

943 Westminster St.

NEW YORK, June 1, 1897.

DEAR MISS STEVENS: I was very much gratified to receive your letter, which revived memories of by-gone days that have always been pleasant memories to me. Just think of it, forty years have passed since the events you alluded to occurred! A boy myself, I tried to teach all I knew of the three R's and the profounder mysteries of grammar, algebra, etc., to as orderly, bright, and healthy a lot of girls and boys as I have ever seen together, and at the princely salary of \$30 a month, I think. I am sure I could not earn it now. I think I did then. I remember nothing unpleasant connected with the school or scholars, which I surely should do if my labors had not been successful.

Now let me say, while the reminiscent mood is upon me, that since I went back from your beautiful village to my studies at Dartmouth in the spring of 1857, I have been a resident of eight states; served through the war as captain of artillery; have spent several years of travel and residence in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and for the last twenty years have been a resident of this city. I cannot at present say whether I shall

be able to respond to your kind invitation to the centennial celebration in August, but I hope so. At all events, I wish you many years of comfortable living, and would ask you to convey to all the old girls and boys, whether they remember me or not, my best wishes for their continued health and happiness.

I am, with great respect,

Your friend and well-wisher,

E. W. DENNY.

WATERTOWN, August 3, 1897.

MISS K. McK. JOHNSTON, DEAR MADAM:—It seems to me a very remote period when I was so profitably and enjoyably connected with Haverhill Academy. I have for these many years held in memory the schoolmates of that long-ago period, and from time to time pictured with much gratification their fair and intellectual faces upon the retina of mind—faces then fair, now ripe with the wrinkles of time, and perchance body bent by the burdens of many years; rich with merit, worthily awaiting the applauded “well done.”

I hope you will have a most enjoyable meeting, and I may receive a definite account of the same, and would be pleased to contribute to such published report as may be issued concerning the occasion.

Sincerely yours,

J. WESLEY CARTER,

71 Mt. Auburn street, Watertown, Mass.

STOWE, VT., July 30, 1897.

DEAR MISS STEVENS:—I received an invitation to the reunion of the scholars and teachers of Haverhill Academy, to be held at Haverhill, N. H., August 4th and 5th, 1897. I would like very much to attend the reunion, and I deeply regret that I cannot be present.

I was a student at the old Academy in the winter and spring of 1846-'7. Prof. Heman Rood was the principal, and his daughters, Miss Susan and Miss Jenny, were his assistants.

I do not think I can give you any information regarding the scholars who attended the Academy at that time. I have lost sight of most of them, and those living you will probably hear from.

Wishing you a very pleasant reunion, I remain,

Yours truly,

SARAH L. PORTER.

EAST HIGGATE, VT., July 26, 1897.

To the Haverhill Academy Reunion Ass'n:—

Responding to the very kind invitation of the trustees to join the reunion of the scholars and teachers of Haverhill Academy, to be holden on the 4th and 5th proxima.

I beg leave to say that the invitation recalls many pleasant memories of the days profitably spent, when I was a student in your Academy. My advent there was just about the close of the principalship of Ephraim Kingsbury, for a long time register of deeds of Grafton county, as well as principal of the Academy.

I remember your institution as I would an old friend, who had, when life was young, pointed me to the right road and helped to equip me for its journey and its battles.

I remember a very few of "the boys," among them a son of Jo Bell, and also another boy, one of the Page family—a family which I think has furnished some governors of states; and among my advantages at Haverhill I count the privilege of staying there through court time and listening to Jo Bell, to Ichabod Bartlett, and Levi Woodbury, all shining lights in the great galaxy of eminent men in the famous bar of New Hampshire. It was a school in oratory and logic.

Turning the leaves in the picture gallery of memory, I seem to see again the enchanting picturesque scenery of the surroundings of Haverhill—your placid and beautiful river (the Connecticut), bordered by fertile meadows, with its great ox-bow, rich with their wealth of harvest, which made comfortable by their abundance the dwellers in the quiet homes in this Arcadian paradise. But all this does not complete the picture; for it

the same manner as the other two, and I shall not be
surprised if you find it to be the case. I shall be
glad to hear of it, and I shall be glad to hear of it.

Yours very truly,

J. H. P.

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has its setting in the beautiful mountains which sentinel the valley and make the landscape perfect.

"A thing of beauty
And a joy forever."

to him who has once looked upon it.

All these charms of location and surrounding should be potent arguments with parents when choosing a school for their sons, for all these should be helps to a higher life, a nobler manhood, a more perfect scholarship. Nature, through which its author speaks to man, is a great teacher.

In the busy marts of the great city, New York, where I have spent most of my life, I have often times found rest and refreshment in the remembrance of my student days at Haverhill. I greatly regret that it will be impossible for me to visit those scenes again at your reunion, and greet (if any survive) those whom I knew in those years so long ago. But wishing for your reunion a great success, and believing and hoping that the work of Haverhill Academy is not yet done, but that in the future as in the past, will be sent forth from its halls many graduates whom society will recognize as ornaments and benefactors of their race,

I remain,

Very truly yours,

WM. L. HINDS,

An Octogenarian.

D. O. BEAN, PRINCIPAL OF HAVERHILL ACADEMY IN 1885-8.

Though not able to be present in person, I will be with you in spirit, wishing all prosperity and the richest blessings.

I believe a new era has begun for Haverhill and Haverhill Academy. Long may the institution you replant and revive to-day prosper and ennoble the coming generations, among whom it shall ever stand as a memorial of sacrifices nobly and wisely planned.

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MY DEAR MISS STEVENS:—Sometime since the very kind invitation was received for the coming week. I regret exceedingly that I cannot give myself the pleasure of being present at the many interesting ceremonies to take place in that beautiful old town.

With best wishes for the prosperity of dear old Haverhill and all its good people, I am,

Cordially yours,

BESSIE A. E. HOMMANS.

Perth Amboy, N. J., August 1, 1897.

PROFILE HOUSE, N. H., August 1, 1897.

WILLIAM REDING, HAVERHILL, N. H.:

Expected to be with you, but a "Gala Day" here prevents my leaving home. Remember me with highest regards for the good people of Haverhill, the still much loved home of my childhood.

C. H. GREENLEAF.

MARBLEHEAD, August 4, 1897.

Pleasant memories of days spent in Haverhill still linger with me. I bear in mind the social and educational influence of the school, with Miss Mandana Buswell at its head.

Haverhill (outside of the quiet nook of my birthplace) was the first town my young eyes looked upon. I have seen much of the "great world" since; in New England, the Canadas, and across the wide waters, have (through my husband) been much in the confusion, turmoil, and encouragement of church, temperance, and missionary interests, but I still have a restful memory of Haverhill.

I trust these days of anniversary exercises will be all you have planned. May the sun shine at the hour needed, may the services bring much comfort and cheer, while the students of the present and former years, young, middle-aged, and gray-haired, gather for mutual congratulation and enjoyment.

Yours most cordially,

ANNA R. MONTGOMERY.

SILVER CREEK, NEW YORK, July 31, 1897.

Miss Kate McK. Johnston, Corresponding Secretary:

MY DEAR MADAM: The invitation to the remmon gave me a most delightful surprise, and I regret exceedingly that I cannot be present. I am taken back at once to the days of my girlhood and the pleasant year I spent at the old Academy.

How long ago it was—1850-'51. The world was young with me, and those youthful days are filled with fragrant and tender memories tinged with all the freshness and brightness of youth.

Mr. Beane, the principal, scholarly, dignified, and courteous; Mrs. Carpenter, the preceptress, so brilliant and vivacious; Miss Page, always sweet, gentle, patient, and helpful; and Miss McKeen, with her cultured intellect, her highly refined spiritual nature, and strong, commanding character, which shone through her quiet and sometimes almost timid demeanor.

In writing to me one said of Miss McKeen, "I supposed when I first saw her that she was learned, and good, and wise, but I did not think I should ever love her as I am now constrained to do. She will ever occupy in my mind the place of 'model teacher.'"

Among the names that rise instinctively to mind, aside from my consins, are those of Elizabeth Page, Lizzie Quincy, Mary Spalding, Anne Ward, Miss Dewey, Carrie Beane, Lizzie Merrill, and the Baker sisters, daughters of the Methodist minister.

There was a strong religious interest in the school the year I was there. An extensive revival was enjoyed in the place, in which the school largely shared. I remember with great interest the Rev. Mr. Greeley, the then young pastor of the Congregational church, and his earnest and impressive preaching.

Miss Carrie Spalding played the organ in those days, and Deacon Merrill led the prayer-meeting, visited the sick, and, like the Master he served so well, "went about doing good."

Among all my Haverhill friends and acquaintances of that school year, there is only one whom I have met frequently since—Mrs. F. B. Brewer, living then at the home of her father, Professor Rood, in Haverhill, but since 1861 residing at Westfield in this county. With this cultured and most estimable

lady, who passed away suddenly last December, I have kept up a degree of intimacy which has been a constantly recurring reminder of my pleasant school days at Haverhill.

I extend cordial greetings to any old friends and school-mates who may be present, and also my best wishes for the continual prosperity of the Academy.

EMMA JOHNSTON BURGESS.

The following is taken from a letter written by Mrs. L. D. Stevens shortly after her return from the Renuion :

"I have such delightful memories of those two days I am not sure that I can crystallize them and give you my impressions of the whole in a few lines, but I can tell you what impressed me most strongly at the time, and will never be forgotten; the spirit of loyalty to their Alma Mater which filled the hearts of all her returning sons and daughters. The purpose which usually characterizes a renuion of this kind is the renewal of old friendships, and while this indeed formed a delightful part of the renuion at Haverhill, the *real* purpose in the hearts of the Alumni was to do *honor* to their beloved Alma Mater. This spirit of loyalty animated every one of the meetings, giving to all the addresses previously prepared a permanent value, and so inspired the impromptu speeches that they reached a high degree of excellence. The same beautiful spirit pervaded the audience, who listened with unflagging attention to the many tributes paid at its centennial to the worth and glory of Haverhill Academy."

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SNAP SHOTS
ABOUT
HAVERHILL
VILLAGE



So. Main St.



HOTEL & NO MAIN ST.



CORNER OF
"NO COMMON"



MOOSILAUKE from So. MAIN ST.

HAVERHILL
THE VILLAGE



A PARTING WORD.

Our hope and aim in compiling this fragmentary account has been to enable those who participated in the exercises and shared in the peculiar pleasures of the ever-to-be-remembered reunion to live over again in after years its happy events, treasuring up the sweet memory of those two bright days through all the hurry and turmoil of the coming years, leaving a rose-tinted after-glow upon life's horizon, like that of the setting sun upon the evening sky.

We were never more keenly conscious than at this moment that sentiment and the subject of money are so hard to mingle, that one entirely crowds out the other. At the time of the reunion we were held back from making a direct appeal for aid, to the sons and daughters of our loved Alma Mater, by the thought that they might feel we were welcoming them home from a mercenary motive, merely. And yet, in spite of the enthusiasm and good wishing for the future prosperity of the beloved institution, an undertone of sad conviction would intrude itself that all those bright predictions were but idle words, with no hope of fulfillment, so long as there is but a small fund to help in defraying the expenses of the school.

Longer reflection but deepens this conviction to such an extent that we are impelled to resist the desire to leave the sordid subject of money out of this little book.

To think that the successful men and women, who owe so much of what they have gained in life to the discipline of Haverhill Academy, would turn a deaf ear to her imperative needs when frankly presented, is to doubt the sincerity of their expressed interest, and that we are unwilling to do.

As the parent turns to the children, who have been reared and sent forth from home, for aid in time of need, even so do we turn to you, old friends and students of Haverhill Academy.

THE EVENING PRIMER

By the Rev. J. H. W. H. W. H.

The Evening Primer is a new and improved edition of the old Evening Primer, which has been in use for many years. It is a book of prayers and hymns, and is designed for the use of the people in the evening. It is a book of prayers and hymns, and is designed for the use of the people in the evening. It is a book of prayers and hymns, and is designed for the use of the people in the evening.

The Evening Primer is a new and improved edition of the old Evening Primer, which has been in use for many years. It is a book of prayers and hymns, and is designed for the use of the people in the evening. It is a book of prayers and hymns, and is designed for the use of the people in the evening. It is a book of prayers and hymns, and is designed for the use of the people in the evening.

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To fail of doing this would be to defraud you of your rights. It is your joy and privilege to help her carry on the grand work of giving to the youth of this and coming generations the opportunity to fit themselves for life. Hence we earnestly ask your aid in contributing to our endowment fund. Some of you are giving to other institutions of learning, why not stretch out a helping hand to the dear old Alma Mater? Without it she cannot maintain a first-class school, for in these days good teachers command good salaries. Look back to your own school days, and consider what you have in your power to do for the poor youths who are being reared in the old Granite state, remembering that we cannot expect to receive a sufficient amount from the town to make it a school of the highest standard, and only such a school can draw students from regions adjoining. We have more competition to contend with than in the old days, but our pride in the loved academy does not abate. The next ten years, in our new building, will decide the character of our school; hence the trustees and school board have ventured to secure the most efficient corps of teachers to be found, in order to make a right beginning; we appeal to you to make it possible for us to hold to this course. That some, who could and should give out of their abundance, will do nothing is no reason for withholding your gift from those who would be blessed by it. Let no one make the mistake of thinking because he cannot do great things he will do nothing at all. Great results often grow from small beginnings.



REUNION REGISTER.

RESEARCH PROGRAM

PERSONS REGISTERED DURING REUNION.

NO.	NAMES.	RESIDENCE.	MAIDEN NAME.	YEAR ATTENDING ACADEMY.
1	Daniel Ford Merrill, Principal.....	Washington, D. C.....		(1836-1838. / 1861-1863.)
2	Luella B. Merrill.....	Washington, D. C.....	L. Luella B. Bell.....	1835-1839.
3	Sarah A. Carleton.....	Acton, Mass.....	Sarah Ann Alberton.....	1820-1830.
4	Lydia B. Pearson.....	Buffalo, N. Y.....	Lydia W. Barstow.....	1822-1831.
5	Mrs. J. H. Pearson.....	Chicago, Ill.....	Susan R. Spalding.....	1832-1838.
6	J. E. Pearson.....	".....	".....	1835-1839.
7	Louisa M. Babcock.....	San Francisco, Cal.....	Louisa Merrill Page.....	1835-1839.
8	Lois L. Dickey.....	Portsmouth, N. H.....	Lois Leverett Nelson.....	1835-1840.
9	Elizabeth Nelson Dickey.....	".....	".....	
10	Mrs. L. O. Stevens.....	Chicago, Ill.....	".....	
11	W. H. Barstow.....	Omaha, Neb.....	".....	1867-1870.
12	Martha M. Ransom.....	Medford, Mass.....	Martha Merrill.....	1867-1871.
13	Mrs. C. H. Morrill.....	Bakersfield, Vt.....	Cora V. Chase.....	1848-1890.
14	Chas. H. Morrill, Principal.....	".....	".....	1840.
15	Abigail Barstow.....	Wellesley Hill.....	Martha Brewer.....	1839.
16	M. B. Goddard.....	Malden, Mass.....	Frances P. Barstow.....	1858-1865.
17	Mrs. B. F. Labarre.....	Hartland, Vt.....	".....	
18	Frank M. Spalding.....	Lawrence, Kansas.....	".....	
19	W. N. Goddard.....	Wellesley Hill, Mass.....	".....	
20	Mary E. Goddard.....	".....	".....	
21	S. Spigare.....	Plymouth, N. H.....	".....	
22	J. P. Brewer.....	Claremont, N. H.....	".....	1886-1887.
23	Mrs. J. P. Brewer.....	".....	".....	
24	William Redding.....	Boston, Mass.....	".....	
25	Moses S. Page.....	Manchester, N. H.....	".....	1858-1865.
26	Harry F. Prescott.....	Melrose, Mass.....	".....	1881-1884.
27	Blanche W. Bowman.....	Bristol, N. H.....	".....	
28	Mrs. C. C. Bowman.....	Littleton, N. H.....	".....	1882-1884.
29	".....	".....	".....	
30	Mrs. L. J. Nelson.....	".....	".....	

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31	Arthur N. Day.....	Concord, N. H.....	1881-1885.
32	Lavinia P. Sherman.....	Buffalo, N. Y.....	1855.
33	Lizzie R. Tilton.....	Chicago, Ill.....	1855.
34	Grace P. Shields.....	Sacramento, Cal.....	1855.
35	Mrs. David Wellie.....	Swiftwater, N. H.....	1855-1880.
36	Mrs. G. W. Richardson.....	East Haverhill, N. H.....	1855-1880.
37	Mrs. Chas. P. Cummings.....	Boston, Mass.....	1855-1880.
38	Clara P. Cummings.....	".....	1855-1880.
39	Guy Richardson.....	East Haverhill, N. H.....	1855-1880.
40	Edith M. Chubb.....	Orfordville, N. H.....	1855-1880.
41	Mrs. Carl C. Collins.....	White River Junction, Vt.....	1855-1880.
42	S. Merrill W. Cook.....	Orford, N. H.....	1855-1880.
43	Mrs. Harry E. Morrison.....	".....	1855-1880.
44	Harry E. Morrison.....	".....	1855-1880.
45	Mrs. Geo. Barnes.....	Franklin Falls, N. H.....	1855-1880.
46	Mary S. Adams.....	Hardland, Vt.....	1855-1880.
47	Mrs. Clarence H. Carr.....	Orford, N. H.....	1855-1880.
48	Kate Morse.....	North Haverhill, N. H.....	1855-1880.
49	Mrs. Wm. B. Hovey.....	New London, Conn.....	1855-1880.
50	Sylvester Dana.....	Concord, N. H.....	1855-1880.
51	James Barbeck.....	Bradford, Vt.....	1855-1880.
52	Mrs. Albert Bailey.....	".....	1855-1880.
53	Mrs. Phila. Chamberlain.....	West Newton, Mass.....	1855-1880.
54	Miss Grace Woodward.....	East Haverhill, N. H.....	1855-1880.
55	Alfred Merrill.....	Washington, D. C.....	1855-1880.
56	David Merrill.....	".....	1855-1880.
57	Mrs. Clara H. D. Hildreth.....	Woburn, Mass.....	1855-1880.
58	Bertha M. Barbeck.....	Yassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....	1855-1880.
59	Elizabeth E. Bickford.....	North Haverhill, N. H.....	1855-1880.
60	Mrs. Chas. Southard.....	Manchester, N. H.....	1855-1880.
61	Samuel T. Page.....	Concord, N. H.....	1855-1880.
62	Mrs. Frances M. Page.....	".....	1855-1880.
63	La Man D. Stevens.....	".....	1855-1880.
64	Frances C. Stevens.....	Bradford, Vt.....	1855-1880.
65	Fanny B. Stevens.....	Bath, N. H.....	1855-1880.
66	Mrs. E. T. Smith.....	".....	1855-1880.
67	Mrs. E. P. Hutchins.....	Concord, N. H.....	1855-1880.
68	Anabel Hutchins.....	Newbury, Vt.....	1855-1880.
69	Ellen P. Clark.....	Concord, N. H.....	1855-1880.
70	Emily K. Garland.....	Haverhill, N. H.....	1855-1880.
71	Mrs. Charles C. Jackman.....	Bradford, Vt.....	1855-1880.
72	Mrs. E. B. Corliss.....	".....	1855-1880.
73	Lucy Bayley.....	".....	1855-1880.

Class of 1883.

1860-1865.

1837-1839.

1854-1860.

1860.

1852-1853.

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1866.

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NAME.	RESIDENCE.	MAIDEN NAME.	YEAR ATTENDING ACADEMY.
74 Mrs. M. A. Meader.....	North Haverhill, N. H.	Kate Child.	1883.
75 Mrs. H. B. Gray.....	Providence, R. I.	Allie Griswold.	1882-1885.
76 Emma C. Weeks.....	North Haverhill, N. H.	May M. Weeks.	Class of 1887.
77 Mrs. S. J. Mattocks.....	Hastings, Neb.		Class of 1885.
78 Mrs. C. B. Griswold.....	Woodsville, N. H.		
79 Albert E. Porter.....	Ashland, N. H.		1860
80 Martha B. Rneau.....	Piermont, N. H.	Martha B. Barton.	1883.
81 Solon S. Evans.....	Woodsville, N. H.		1855.
82 W. F. Whitchee.....	Malden, Mass.		
83 Samuel M. Page.....	Haverhill, N. H.		
84 Elmer H. Thayer.....	Woodsville, N. H.		
85 Mrs. Henry N. Stimson.....	"	Etta M. Haver.	1879-1881.
86 Mrs. Frank Morrill.....	Haverhill, N. H.	Hattie F. Stevens.	1888-1889.
87 Grove S. Stevens.....	Piermont, N. H.		1888-1889.
88 Roswell Hunt.....	Port mouth, N. H.		1864-1870.
89 Mrs. G. W. Butler.....	Boston, Mass.	Ellen M. Reding.	181.
90 Harry B. Morrill.....	Piermont, N. H.		1832.
91 E. L. Rogers.....	North Hardland, Vt.		1858-1861.
92 Teague Dunbar.....	Lawrence, Kan.		1885-1890.
93 Harriet Spaulding.....	Penn Yan, N. Y.		1885-1886.
94 Fred Elliot Jenkins.....	Woodsville, N. H.		1884-1886.
95 Mrs. J. F. Bittinger.....	West Newbury, Vt.	Katie A. Teague.	1889.
96 Mrs. F. W. Bittinger.....	West Newbury, N. H.	Lillian M. Ayer.	1883-1884.
97 Mrs. M. L. Brock.....	Wentworth, N. H.	Louise Page.	1882-1884.
98 Mae A. Bowen.....	Littleton, N. H.	Elizabeth Gould.	1880-1885.
99 H. F. Bowen.....	Joliet, Ill.	Laella Gould.	1886-1893.
100 Mrs. R. F. Gorham.....	Littleton, N. H.		1856-1857.
101 Mrs. M. Westphal.....	Concord, N. H.	Laura Sanborn.	1858.
102 Mrs. John Smallie.....	Samborn, N. H.	Stella Porter.	1855.
103 Mrs. James Barbeck.....	Bradford, Vt.	Cynthia Farman.	1859.
104 Mrs. O. D. Huse.....	Orford, N. H.	Josephine Johnson.	1832.
105 Mrs. A. C. Fulton.....	Fitchburg, Mass.	Winifred Pike.	1847.
106 Mrs. R. Beal.....	Warren, N. H.	Harriet M. Farum.	1885.
107 Mrs. Walter Leavitt Emory.....	Manchester, N. H.		1847.
108 Mrs. J. S. Jewett.....			
109 Grace M. Page.....			

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110	Donald T. Page.....	Manchester, N. H.....	Mary Searle.....	1817-1851.
111	Mary Searle Willard.....	Orford, N. H.....		
112	Lucia Morrill.....	Benton, N. H.....		
113	Hattie E. Kimball.....	Concord, N. H.....		
114	Mrs. Alma Davis.....	Weymouth, Mass.....	Alma Carter.....	1859-1865.
115	Edward H. Frary.....			
116	Louise Frary.....	East Haverhill, N. H.....	Sarah L. Doty.....	1854.
117	Mrs. S. L. Dailey.....	Webster, Mass.....	Mabel Hackitt.....	1854.
118	Edward L. Spalding.....	Haverhill, N. H.....		1886.
119	Mabel H. Tewksbury.....	East Haverhill, N. H.....		1888-1890
120	Ezra W. Morse.....	Woodsville, N. H.....	Phidelia E. Clark.....	1853.
121	Ellen P. Carbee.....	Concord, N. H.....		
122	Mrs. Henry C. Carbee.....			
123	Mrs. Charles H. Day.....	North Haverhill, N. H.....	Ella M. Page.....	1888-1889.
124	Charles H. Day.....	East Haverhill, N. H.....	Jennie R. Glines.....	1889-1892.
125	Mary E. Peters.....	Lyme, N. H.....	Ellen C. Deane.....	1888-1890.
126	Ella M. Pope.....	Haverhill, N. H.....	Rachel A. Deane.....	1858-1859.
127	Jennie R. Ellsworth.....	Newbury, Vt.....		1889-1891.
128	Ellen C. Glines.....	East Haverhill, N. H.....	Edith May Boswell.....	1883-1885.
129	Rachel A. Bowen.....	Bath, N. H.....		1882.
130	Julia E. Cutting.....	Woodsville, N. H.....	Ella E. Webber.....	1881-1882.
131	Corinne H. Nuttcr.....	Haverhill, Mass.....		1840-1845.
132	Mrs. E. M. Newell.....	East Haverhill, N. H.....		1846-1857.
133	Annie E. Ellison.....	Groversville, N. Y.....		1888-1891.
134	Mrs. Ella Blake.....	Windsor, Vt.....		1887-1888.
135	Ezra B. Adams.....	Haverhill, N. H.....		1887-1891.
136	Charles N. Adams.....	Piermont, N. H.....		1881.
137	W. H. Langmaid.....	Woodsville, N. H.....	Charlotte Atkinson.....	1881.
138	W. H. Blaisdell.....	South Newbury, Vt.....		1884-1887.
139	John G. Marston.....	27 Monroe Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.....		
140	Clara Belle Brock.....	Haverhill, N. H.....		
141	Mrs. F. S. E. Gunnell.....	Piermont, N. H.....		
142	Ada I. Adams.....	Piermont, N. H.....		
143	Mrs. Bettie Dodge.....	Pike Station.....		
144	Mrs. Emma Blaisdell.....	Greenwich, Conn.....		
145	Mrs. Z. M. Bagley.....	Warren, N. H.....	Sallie Merrill.....	1853-1886.
146	Levi Rodgers.....	Piermont, N. H.....		
147	Mrs. Levi Rodgers.....	Haverhill, N. H.....		
148	Mrs. S. M. Clark.....			
149	H. Eugene Morrison.....			
150	Ira M. Morrison.....			
151	Harriet C. Rodgers.....			
152	Mrs. Eleanor J. Wright.....		Eleanor J. Noyes.....	1860-1865.
				1868.

At the same time, the following points are also important:

1. The first point is that the information needs of the user are not always the same. The user's information needs are often changing and evolving. Therefore, the information needs of the user should be identified and analysed in a dynamic way.

2. The second point is that the information needs of the user are often complex and multi-dimensional. The user's information needs are often composed of many different elements, such as knowledge, skills, and attitudes. Therefore, the information needs of the user should be identified and analysed in a comprehensive way.

3. The third point is that the information needs of the user are often context-specific. The user's information needs are often influenced by the user's social, cultural, and environmental context. Therefore, the information needs of the user should be identified and analysed in a context-specific way.

4. The fourth point is that the information needs of the user are often

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1890	C. S. Bailey.	Woodsville, N. H.	1845-1856.
1891	Mrs. A. E. Davis.	"	1858-1859.
1892	Anna Dickerman Davis.	Lisbon, N. H.	
1893	S. Lizzie Merrill.	Woodsville, N. H.	
1894	George C. Butler.	"	
1895	Mrs. George C. Butler.	Bath, N. H.	
1896	Henry J. Carbee.	Concord, N. H.	
1897	George L. Clark.	Roscom, Mass.	
1898	W. H. Talbot.	Haverhill, N. H.	1886-1890.
1899	Mary Louise Poor.	"	1887-1891.
1900	Henry C. Stearns.	"	
1901	George W. Leflin.	"	1836-1838.
1902	Amos Tarleton.	North Haverhill, N. H.	1832.
1903	Mrs. Enoch E. Weeks.	Haverhill, N. H.	1846.
1904	Charlotte M. Bryant.	"	
1905	Mary Page.	New York City.	
1906	Carrie A. Towle.	East Haverhill, N. H.	1842.
1907	Sophia N. Woods.	Haverhill, N. H.	1855.
1908	Joseph Poor.	Bath, N. H.	1880.
1909	Alice M. Dow.	Pike Station, N. H.	1881.
1910	Frank J. Beams.	Haverhill, N. H.	1854-1858.
1911	J. LeRoy Bell.	"	1862-1883.
1912	John D. Locke.	Pike Station, N. H.	Class of 1891.
1913	Frances C. Dickerman.	Haverhill, N. H.	1854-1859.
1914	Gentruie R. Woods.	St. Johnsbury, Vt.	
1915	Rev. Charles H. Merrill.	Lawrence, Kan.	
1916	Phineas Spalding, Jr.	Rochester, N. H.	1863.
1917	Norma C. Snow.	Haverhill, N. H.	1849.
1918	Mary E. Knapp.	Bath, N. H.	1881.
1919	Rebecca W. Smith.	Haverhill, N. H.	1857-1861.
1920	Lizzie M. Morris.	Pike Station, N. H.	1857-1862.
1921	Edwin B. Pike.	Haverhill, N. H.	1854-1886.
1922	George H. Stevens.	Corluth, Vt.	1890-1891.
1923	Mrs. Charles P. Corliss.	Haverhill, N. H.	
1924	Mrs. Ned T. Barbour.	Claremont, N. H.	
1925	Stephen J. Roberts.	"	1837.
1926	Mrs. S. J. Roberts.	Haverhill, N. H.	1862-1865.
1927	Mrs. H. J. Bailey.	"	1837.
1928	Mrs. Sarah C. Burbeck.	Newport, N. H.	1837.
1929	Mrs. Ellen Rowell.	East Haverhill,	
1930	Mrs. E. W. Morse.	Danville, Vt.	
1931	Mrs. Luella S. Heath.	South Ryegate, Vt.	1860-1865.
1932	Mrs. Margaret Lawrie Hibbard.	"	1861.

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	MAIDEN NAME.	YEAR ATTENDING ACADEMY.
232 Mrs. Mary L. Merrill.....	Newbury, Vt.....		1888-1891.
233 Herbert A. Clough.....	Orfordville, N. H.....	Jennie M. Watkins.....	1887-1891.
234 Jennie M. Clough.....	Walpole, N. H.....	Blanche L. Quimby.....	1880.
235 Blanche L. Ayer.....	Haverhill, N. H.....		1885-1886.
236 Perley Ayer.....	Fairlee, Vt.....	Cora Woodward.....	1886-1887.
237 Clara Hazelton.....	Warren, N. H.....		
238 Fred Gleason.....	North Haverhill, N. H.....		
239 Mrs. Keith.....	Newbury, Vt.....		
240 Mrs. Frank Kimball.....	"		
241 Mrs. David Kimball.....	"		
242 Mrs. John Hale.....	"		
243 Mrs. Ezra Chamberlain.....	"		
244 Mrs. Wm. Atkinson.....	"		
245 Mrs. Clara Atkinson.....	"		
246 Mrs. Lawrie.....	"		
247 Mrs. Edward Woods.....	Bath, N. H.....		
248 E. J. Sawyer.....	Lyndonville, Vt., Orchestra		
249 W. S. Marston.....	"		
250 H. P. Burpee.....	"		
251 A. Burdick.....	"		
252 H. C. Wilson.....	Haverhill, N. H.....		
253 Harman Newell.....	"		
254 P. W. Kimball.....	"		
255 Mrs. P. W. Kimball.....	"	Jane Pearson.....	1888-1891.
256 George B. Kimball.....	"		1844-1854.
257 Nellie L. Kimball.....	"		1854.
258 Mrs. W. A. Fellows.....	"		1881-1884.
259 Mrs. Charles Fisher.....	White River Junction, Vt.....	M. Jennie Clark.....	
260 Mrs. J. Blood.....	North Haverhill, N. H.....		
261 Mrs. J. H. Benton.....	Boston, Mass.....		
262 Mrs. T. Blandin.....	Bath, N. H.....		
263 Mrs. Scott Sloane.....	Windsorville, N. H.....		
264 Mrs. William Nelson.....	Laverie, Mass.....		
265 Mrs. William Brock.....	South Newbury, Vt.....		
266 Mrs. Filley.....	North Haverhill, N. H.....		
267 Miss Annie Filley.....	"		

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268	Scott Fellows.....	Wells River, Vt.....	
269	Mrs. Scott Fellows.....	" ".....	
270	John W. Merrill.....	Haverhill, N. H.....	
271	Stephen H. Cummings.....	" ".....	
272	Salome D. Cummings.....	" ".....	
273	Emma S. Large.....	" ".....	Emma S. Keyes..... 1851.
274	Carrie S. W. Large.....	" ".....	Carrie S. Wilson..... 1891.
275	Harry D. Large.....	" ".....	1880-1890.
276	Arthur K. Merrill.....	" ".....	
277	Helen C. Merrill.....	" ".....	
278	Edward W. Stone.....	" ".....	
279	Charles G. Smith.....	" ".....	
280	Phebe Bailey.....	" ".....	
281	Charles L. Skinner.....	Haverhill, N. H.....	1859-1864.
282	Kate McK. Johnston.....	" ".....	1857-1865.
283	Mary J. Stevens.....	North Haverhill, N. H.....	1857-1865.
284	Mrs. Frank Sleeper.....	" ".....	1880-1883.
285	E. Bertram Pike.....	Pike Station, N. H.....	

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HAVERHILL ACADEMY, 1897.



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JOHN N. MORSE,
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CALENDAR.

Fall Term commences September 8, 1897.

Fall Term ends December 14, 1897.

Christmas vacation of two weeks.

Winter Term commences December 29, 1897.

Winter Term ends March 22, 1898.

Vacation of two weeks.

Spring Term commences April 5, 1898.

Spring Term ends June 14, 1898.

Fall Term commences September, 1898.

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Chapter VII. The Theory of the Differential Equations of the First Order	1
Chapter VIII. The Theory of the Differential Equations of the First Order	1
Chapter IX. The Theory of the Differential Equations of the First Order	1
Chapter X. The Theory of the Differential Equations of the First Order	1

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

FIRST YEAR.		SECOND YEAR.	
Latin lessons		Caesar.	
Algebra		Geometry (Plane).	
Ancient History		Rhetoric.	
English		Physics.	
Latin lessons		Caesar.	
Algebra		Geometry (Plane).	
Ancient History		Rhetoric.	
English		Physics.	
Latin Lessons		Caesar.	
Algebra		English Literature.	
Mediaeval and Modern History		Greek.	
English		Botany.	
THIRD YEAR.		FOURTH YEAR.	
<i>First Term.</i>		<i>First Term.</i>	
Virgil		Cicero, Latin Prose.	
Xenophon's Anabasis		Homer's Iliad.	
Chemistry		French.	
English Literature		American Literature.	
<i>Second Term.</i>		<i>Second Term.</i>	
Virgil		Cicero and Virgil's Bucolics.	
Anabasis		Homer's Iliad.	
Chemistry		French.	
English Literature		English College Requirements.	
<i>Third Term.</i>		<i>Third Term.</i>	
Virgil		Latin Reviews.	
Anabasis		Greek Reviews	
Astronomy		French.	
American Literature		English College Requirements.	

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE	
1. The first part of the history	1. The first part of the history
2. The second part of the history	2. The second part of the history
3. The third part of the history	3. The third part of the history
4. The fourth part of the history	4. The fourth part of the history
5. The fifth part of the history	5. The fifth part of the history
6. The sixth part of the history	6. The sixth part of the history
7. The seventh part of the history	7. The seventh part of the history
8. The eighth part of the history	8. The eighth part of the history
9. The ninth part of the history	9. The ninth part of the history
10. The tenth part of the history	10. The tenth part of the history
11. The eleventh part of the history	11. The eleventh part of the history
12. The twelfth part of the history	12. The twelfth part of the history
13. The thirteenth part of the history	13. The thirteenth part of the history
14. The fourteenth part of the history	14. The fourteenth part of the history
15. The fifteenth part of the history	15. The fifteenth part of the history
16. The sixteenth part of the history	16. The sixteenth part of the history
17. The seventeenth part of the history	17. The seventeenth part of the history
18. The eighteenth part of the history	18. The eighteenth part of the history
19. The nineteenth part of the history	19. The nineteenth part of the history
20. The twentieth part of the history	20. The twentieth part of the history
21. The twenty-first part of the history	21. The twenty-first part of the history
22. The twenty-second part of the history	22. The twenty-second part of the history
23. The twenty-third part of the history	23. The twenty-third part of the history
24. The twenty-fourth part of the history	24. The twenty-fourth part of the history
25. The twenty-fifth part of the history	25. The twenty-fifth part of the history
26. The twenty-sixth part of the history	26. The twenty-sixth part of the history
27. The twenty-seventh part of the history	27. The twenty-seventh part of the history
28. The twenty-eighth part of the history	28. The twenty-eighth part of the history
29. The twenty-ninth part of the history	29. The twenty-ninth part of the history
30. The thirtieth part of the history	30. The thirtieth part of the history
31. The thirty-first part of the history	31. The thirty-first part of the history
32. The thirty-second part of the history	32. The thirty-second part of the history
33. The thirty-third part of the history	33. The thirty-third part of the history
34. The thirty-fourth part of the history	34. The thirty-fourth part of the history
35. The thirty-fifth part of the history	35. The thirty-fifth part of the history
36. The thirty-sixth part of the history	36. The thirty-sixth part of the history
37. The thirty-seventh part of the history	37. The thirty-seventh part of the history
38. The thirty-eighth part of the history	38. The thirty-eighth part of the history
39. The thirty-ninth part of the history	39. The thirty-ninth part of the history
40. The fortieth part of the history	40. The fortieth part of the history
41. The forty-first part of the history	41. The forty-first part of the history
42. The forty-second part of the history	42. The forty-second part of the history
43. The forty-third part of the history	43. The forty-third part of the history
44. The forty-fourth part of the history	44. The forty-fourth part of the history
45. The forty-fifth part of the history	45. The forty-fifth part of the history
46. The forty-sixth part of the history	46. The forty-sixth part of the history
47. The forty-seventh part of the history	47. The forty-seventh part of the history
48. The forty-eighth part of the history	48. The forty-eighth part of the history
49. The forty-ninth part of the history	49. The forty-ninth part of the history
50. The fiftieth part of the history	50. The fiftieth part of the history

LATIN ENGLISH COURSE.

FIRST YEAR.

SECOND YEAR.

*First Term.**First Term.*

Latin lessons

Caesar.

Algebra

Geometry (Plane).

English

Rhetoric.

Ancient History

English History.

*Second Term.**Second Term.*

Latin lessons

Caesar.

Algebra

Geometry (Plane).

English

Rhetoric.

Ancient History

English History.

*Third Term.**Third Term.*

Latin lessons

Caesar.

Algebra

Geometry (Solid).

Medieval and Modern History

English Literature.

English

Botany.

THIRD YEAR.

FOURTH YEAR.

*First Term.**First Term.*

Virgil

Cicero.

English Literature

American Literature.

Physics

Chemistry.

Physical Geography

French or German.

*Second Term.**Second Term.*

Virgil

Cicero.

English Literature

Chemistry.

Physics

French or German.

Civics

Political Economy.

*Third Term.**Third Term.*

Virgil

Cicero.

American Literature

French or German.

Physics

Astronomy.

Book-keeping

Mental and Moral Philosophy.

THE HISTORY OF THE

1. The first part of the history is the history of the first part of the world, from the beginning of the world to the beginning of the Christian era.	1. The first part of the history is the history of the first part of the world, from the beginning of the world to the beginning of the Christian era.
2. The second part of the history is the history of the second part of the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.	2. The second part of the history is the history of the second part of the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.
3. The third part of the history is the history of the third part of the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.	3. The third part of the history is the history of the third part of the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.
4. The fourth part of the history is the history of the fourth part of the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.	4. The fourth part of the history is the history of the fourth part of the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.
5. The fifth part of the history is the history of the fifth part of the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.	5. The fifth part of the history is the history of the fifth part of the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.
6. The sixth part of the history is the history of the sixth part of the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.	6. The sixth part of the history is the history of the sixth part of the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.
7. The seventh part of the history is the history of the seventh part of the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.	7. The seventh part of the history is the history of the seventh part of the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.
8. The eighth part of the history is the history of the eighth part of the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.	8. The eighth part of the history is the history of the eighth part of the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.
9. The ninth part of the history is the history of the ninth part of the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.	9. The ninth part of the history is the history of the ninth part of the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.
10. The tenth part of the history is the history of the tenth part of the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.	10. The tenth part of the history is the history of the tenth part of the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.

ENGLISH AND MODERN LANGUAGE COURSE.

FIRST YEAR.	SECOND YEAR.	THIRD YEAR.
<i>First Term.</i>	<i>First Term.</i>	<i>First Term.</i>
English.	English.	English.
Algebra.	Geometry.	Chemistry.
Phys. Geography.	French or German.	French or German.
English History.	Physics.	Trigonometry and Surveying.
<i>Second Term.</i>	<i>Second Term.</i>	<i>Second Term.</i>
English.	English.	English.
Algebra.	Geometry.	Chemistry.
English History.	French or German.	French or German.
Civics.	Physics.	Political Economy.
<i>Third Term.</i>	<i>Third Term.</i>	<i>Third Term.</i>
English.	English.	English.
Algebra.	Geometry.	Review Arithmetic and Algebra.
Botany.	French or German.	French or German.
Book-keeping.	Astronomy.	Mental and Moral Philosophy.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission must pass a satisfactory examination in the following subjects:

Reading, Writing, Elements of English Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic and United States History.

A Preparatory department is connected with the school, in which scholars can make good any deficiency in the common English branches.

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION.

Provision is made for three courses of instruction, the details of which are given on other pages.

EXPERIMENTAL AND OBSERVATIONAL RESEARCH

Experimental research is research in which the researcher manipulates one or more variables and measures the effect of the manipulation on one or more other variables.

Observational research is research in which the researcher observes and records the behaviour of subjects in their natural environment without manipulating any variables.

Both experimental and observational research are types of quantitative research.

Experimental research is often used to test hypotheses about the causal relationships between variables. For example, a researcher might want to know whether a particular intervention (such as a new teaching method) has a positive effect on student achievement. In this case, the researcher would manipulate the intervention (the independent variable) and measure the effect on achievement (the dependent variable).

Observational research is often used to describe the behaviour of subjects in their natural environment. For example, a researcher might want to know how often students use a particular library service. In this case, the researcher would observe and record the behaviour of students in the library without manipulating any variables.

Both experimental and observational research have strengths and weaknesses. Experimental research is often more controlled and allows for the testing of causal hypotheses, but it can be more expensive and time-consuming. Observational research is often more naturalistic and allows for the study of behaviour in real-world settings, but it is often more difficult to control and may not allow for the testing of causal hypotheses.

Both experimental and observational research are important tools for understanding the world around us.

QUALITATIVE RESEARCH

Qualitative research is research in which the researcher explores and understands the meanings and experiences of subjects in their natural environment. Qualitative research is often used to explore new topics or to gain a deeper understanding of a particular topic.

Qualitative research is often more exploratory and less structured than quantitative research. It often involves the use of open-ended questions and the collection of rich, detailed data. Qualitative research is often used to explore the experiences of subjects and to understand the meanings that they attach to those experiences. For example, a researcher might want to know how students experience a particular library service. In this case, the researcher would use open-ended questions to explore the students' experiences and would collect rich, detailed data about those experiences.

Qualitative research has several strengths. It allows for the exploration of new topics and the collection of rich, detailed data. It also allows for the understanding of the meanings and experiences of subjects in their natural environment.

MIXED-METHODS RESEARCH

Mixed-methods research is research in which the researcher combines both quantitative and qualitative research methods. Mixed-methods research is often used to gain a more comprehensive understanding of a particular topic by combining the strengths of both quantitative and qualitative research.

Mixed-methods research has several strengths. It allows for the collection of both quantitative and qualitative data, which can provide a more comprehensive understanding of a particular topic. It also allows for the exploration of new topics and the collection of rich, detailed data.

HAVERHILL ACADEMY.

TUITION.

All departments of the school are open to town scholars.

To others, text-books will be loaned at nominal rates, and tuition fees will be as follows:

Common English, \$3 per Term.

Latin English Course, \$3.50 per Term.

English and Modern Language Course, \$4 per Term.

Classical Course, \$4.50 per Term.

For further information, apply to Dr. S. P. Carbee, or Hon. Tyler Westgate, Haverhill, New Hampshire.

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